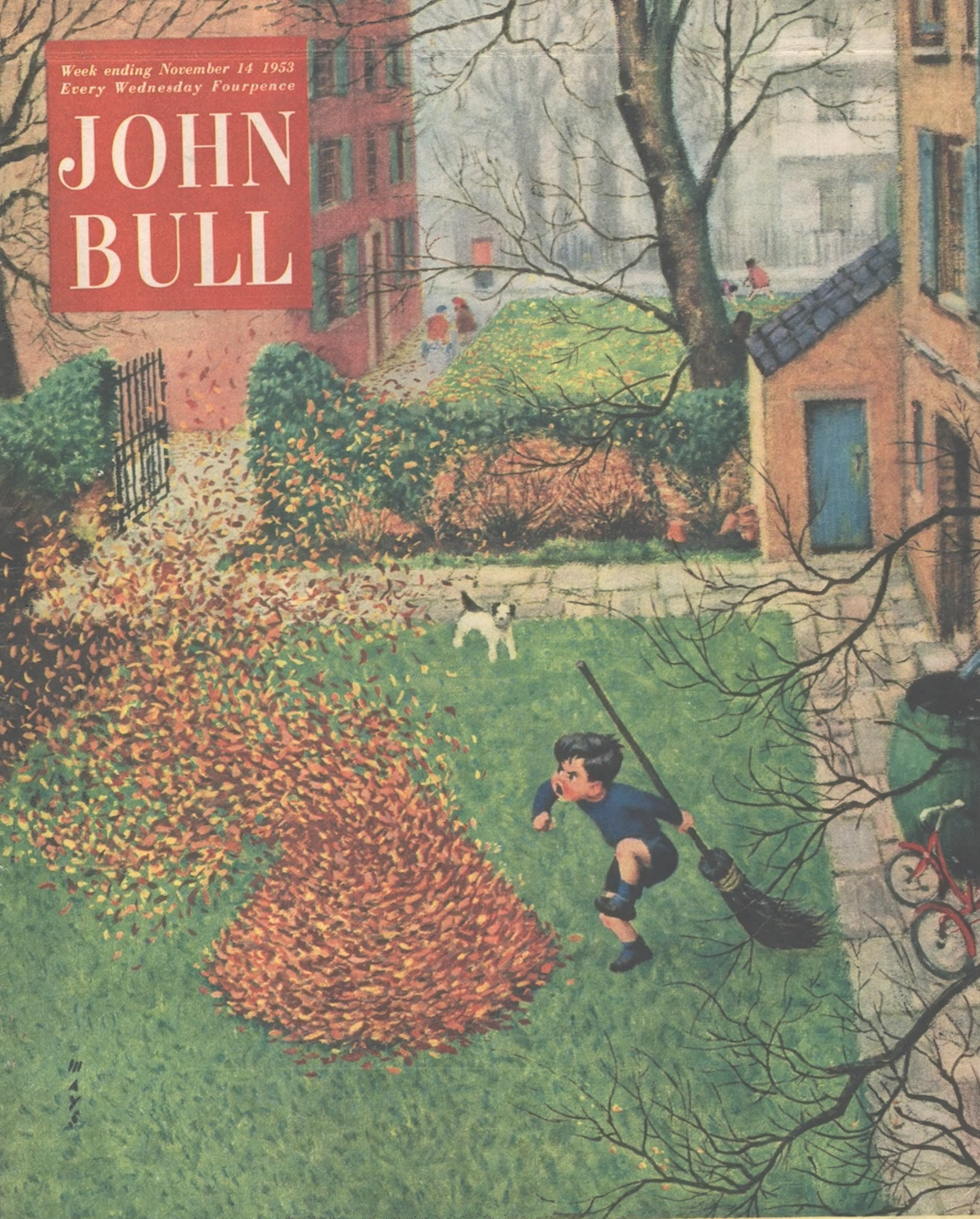


Week ending November 14 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

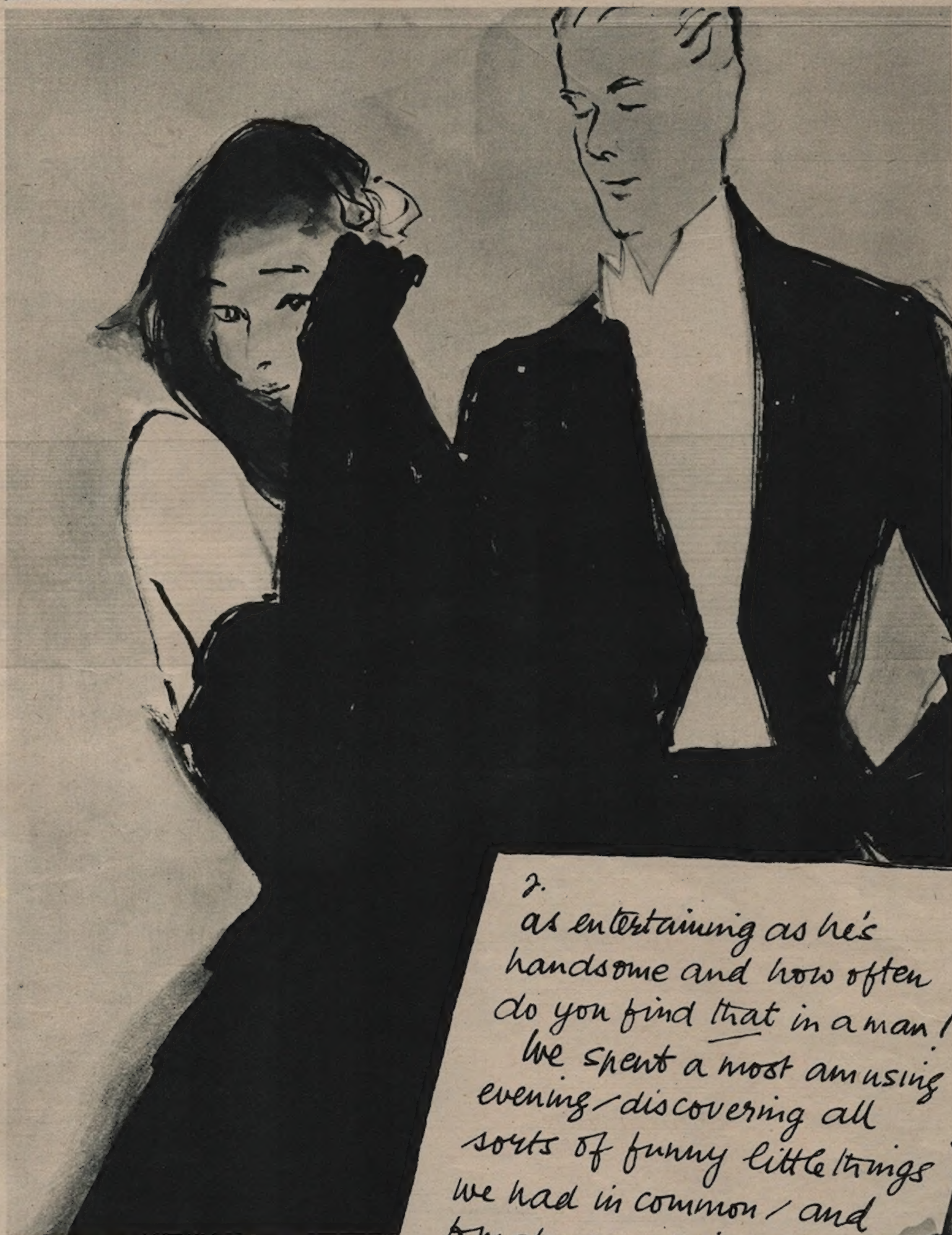


W
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LESLIE CHARTERIS
SUPPLEMENT INSIDE



THREE COMPLETE NEW "SAINT" STORIES



THE REST OF THE STORY

There are two reasons why Black Magic chocolates are worth writing home about. First, those really *luscious* centres. And then, however much you pay, you won't find *better* chocolates than Black Magic. This is because Rowntrees put all the value into the chocolates themselves, packing them simply, but elegantly, in a smart black box.

2.
as entertaining as he's
handsome and how often
do you find that in a man!
We spent a most amusing
evening / discovering all
sorts of funny little things
we had in common / and
to make everything quite
perfect he produced a
box of those blissful
Black Magic chocolates /
those centres make me
frankly *queer*



MADE BY
ROWNTREES

Mad rush

"If we were animals they wouldn't allow it," gasp the crushed, pummelled and exhausted travellers every rush hour. And there really would be a public outcry against herding thirty cattle into space for a dozen, or keeping them waiting in the rain without food or shelter.

Yet twice a day, five days a week, workers submit to the discomfort and indignity of trains for which "overcrowded" is an understatement, and to endless waiting in bus-queues.

And the crush is getting worse. Development plans mean that half a million more people will have to travel in and out of London alone by 1971.

MR. J. D. C. CHURCHILL, planning officer of London Transport, says: "Spending on railway development must be speeded up—and incurred within a much shorter time than we have contemplated."



MR. CHURCHILL

Spend more—and faster

He wants to ease London's rush hour by spending £100 million on the electrification of suburban lines, building seven new Central London car parks at a cost of £5 million and constructing four new tube lines.

Where there are railway lines, diesel-engined "super-trams" may supply a solution. Sixteen of them have been ordered for the busy district round Leeds and Bradford. Birmingham wants them, too. Appalled by the weight of traffic on the city's bus services, the Chamber of Commerce has just published a list of proposals to make the railways play a full part in moving the crowds.

The introduction of diesels, more stations, and more frequent steam trains are among its suggestions.

BUT all these plans are long-term. Ingenuity must provide immediate answers.

The most obvious is staggered hours, so often—and vainly—called for. A few London firms co-operate, but most firms continue to stick obstinately to hours which make their staffs arrive and leave at exactly the same time as all other staffs in the same district.

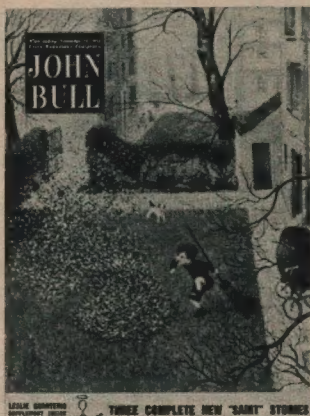
ANOTHER aid to saner travel would be express buses, with a minimum fare of about sixpence to sort out the long-distance travellers from those who are travelling only a few stages.

The present position is grievous and is growing worse. The steps to improve it are laggard.

Meanwhile, the only individual solution seems to be get up early—and go home late.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THERE'S nothing to beat a rich, soggy cake of concentrated humus for the garden, say the experts. Fallen leaves should be swept up, deposited in a pit and left for at least twelve months. Add soot, sulphate of ammonia, lime, scatterings of soil and lawn mowings, and the result is a fine leaf mould. That, anyway, is the theory. The practice, as Douglas Mays well knows, is beset with difficulties right from the word "sweep."



THREE COMPLETE NEW "JOHN BULL" STORIES

Savile Row

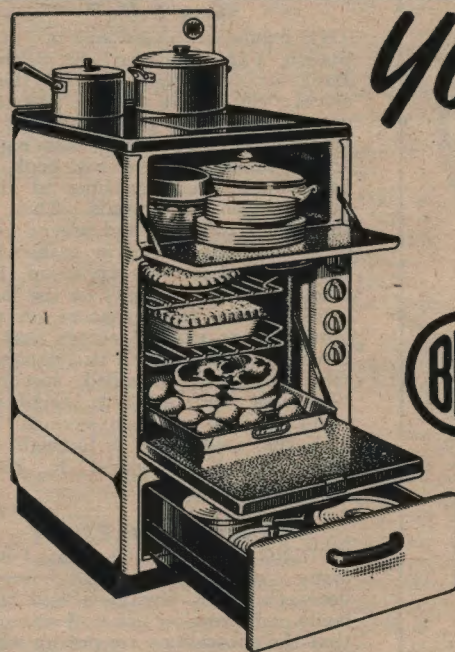


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| Nos. 850/1. | As above with smooth upper and leather sole | 79/9 |
| Nos. 195/200. | Tan embossed sports shoe, crepe or leather sole | 69/9 |
| No. 234. | Tan sports Oxford with heavy leather sole | 59/9 |

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A taste for family life

NEARLY all the members of my family have work to do in the evenings, so when we moved recently we bought an old house with plenty of spare rooms to give them peace and quiet.

My husband, a schoolmaster and writer, was to shut himself away with his books in a study. For my elder daughter, who is a medical student, there was to be a desk in her bedroom. And in the boxroom my schoolboy son was to prepare his lessons. Our little girl was to play in our none-too-large living-room while I sewed. Everything went smoothly for a week or two. Then down came my husband once or twice every evening to read the latest page from his book. My daughter said that her room was draughty, and moved in with me by the fire. And the boy descended in search of food only five minutes after he had begun to study. That was the beginning of the end of our careful plan. Now they all work together, jammed round the living-room table.—Mrs. G. H. S., Harrow, Middlesex.

Was I Me?

THE regulation (mentioned in "Free Speech") that children with Savings Bank accounts must sign for themselves can have very awkward consequences. My parents opened an account for me when I was eight, and I proudly signed my book. I paid money in from time to time but made no withdrawals. Then, at the age of thirty, I had urgent need of a hundred pounds in cash. My withdrawal form was approved, but I could not get a penny at the local office because the signature on the form bore no resemblance to that in the book. Only after I had re-signed the book and provided specimen signatures and a birth certificate could I touch my own savings. It took the head office a fortnight to decide that I was me.—I. R., Newport, Monmouthshire.

Flowers and Flags

DURING a visit to Germany I saw many partly completed houses decorated with streamers and garlands of flowers on poles. I was told that the decorations are put up when the roof is ready for tiling. Then the owner of the new house entertains the architect, the contractor and the workmen at a little party. There are toasts, and the master-carpenter says a prayer for the family which will live in the house. In Denmark the houses are similarly decorated, and in some parts of England the workmen still fly a flag from the chimney stack before tiling starts, as a hint to the contractor that beer money would be appreciated.—Miss P. M., Buckinghamshire.

These German and Danish festivities originated in pre-Christian times, when special ceremonies were held to ward off evil spirits.

House Purchase

I THINK that I did even better than the two readers who have written in "Free Speech" of their auction bargains. At a public auction in

September, 1911, I bought an eight-room house with a big shed, a fowl house, a pig sty and a quarter of an acre of garden. My bid was £16. In October I collected £5 in rent from the tenant, who paid me another £5 before leaving the following year. So in effect the house cost me only £6. I lived in it for ten years, and then sold it for £200. A few years later it was sold again for £400, and about three years ago it changed hands for £1,200.—Mrs. F. E. HUDSON, Howard Street, Ipswich, Suffolk.

Too Genteel

I COULD never make up my mind whether I thoroughly disliked or heartily approved of Gilbert Harding. Then I read in "Free Speech" that he prefers a good, honest, robust "What?" to the abominably genteel "Pardon?" That made me sure that I approved of him. "Pardon?" is an expression which never fails to make me wriggle.—K. J. DAVIES, Renfrew.

This week's instalment of Gilbert Harding's life story, "Along My Line," begins on page 12.

Mickey Gas

WHEN my young son went for his first extraction of teeth, his friends, who go to the same dentist, told him that there was a choice of Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck gas. At the surgery the dentist explained to me that he asks the children to say which cartoon character they want to see. Then he tells them to watch one of the lights and suggests that the character is laughing and dancing. The children fall asleep and really do "see" the animals. After having four teeth out, my child said to me excitedly: "The gas must have got all mixed



Time of Awakening

by CHARLES OGBURN



This warm, human story of a sensitive child brilliantly captures the joys and pains of growing up.
 IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

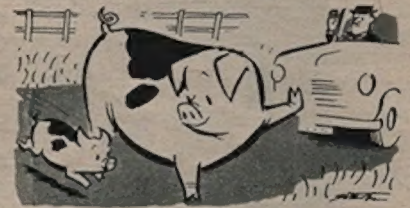
up. I saw Mickey, and Goofy, and the Eega Beeva, and just as I was waking up I heard Donald squeaking ever so loud." —Mrs. EDNA M. VERITY, Ashleigh Street, Darwen, Lancashire.

Now You Know

DURING my lunch I noticed a card on the restaurant counter bearing the initials, "T.S.Y.C.P.P.O.P.F.T.B." I heard a customer inquire what the initials meant. "To Satisfy Your Curiosity Please Pay One Penny For The Blind," he was told. A waiter produced a collecting box and he paid up.—G. L. CLUE, Ridgeway Road, Headington, Oxford.

Road Safety

WHILE driving along a country lane recently I had to pull up sharply to avoid hitting a sow which appeared suddenly and planted herself right in the middle of the narrow roadway. She stood there grunting loudly and



defying me to pass. Then I noticed a little squeaking pig on the grass verge. It ran to its mother for protection, and then passed on to the opposite side of the road, where it disappeared into the long grass. As soon as it was safely across, the sow gave a loud grunt of satisfaction and lumbered away, allowing the car to proceed.—C. GRAY, Westbury, Gloucester Road, Patchway, Bristol.

Telling Teacher

MY seven-year-old daughter told me recently that if her teacher has to leave the classroom she asks one of the children to stand out in front and note who misbehaves. I disagree most strongly with this breeding of tell-tales. The teacher should put the children on their honour to behave well, not have them watched by a classmate. I have advised my child to decline politely if she is asked to act as a policeman.—Mrs. L. C., London, E.10.

White Flies

AS I was working in my kitchen, I saw a white insect climbing the wall. I examined it closely and found that it was an ordinary house-fly. Are flies white at some stage in their development, or is there such a thing as an albino fly?—Mrs. CHRISTINE BRETtingham, Mowbrays Road, Romford, Essex.

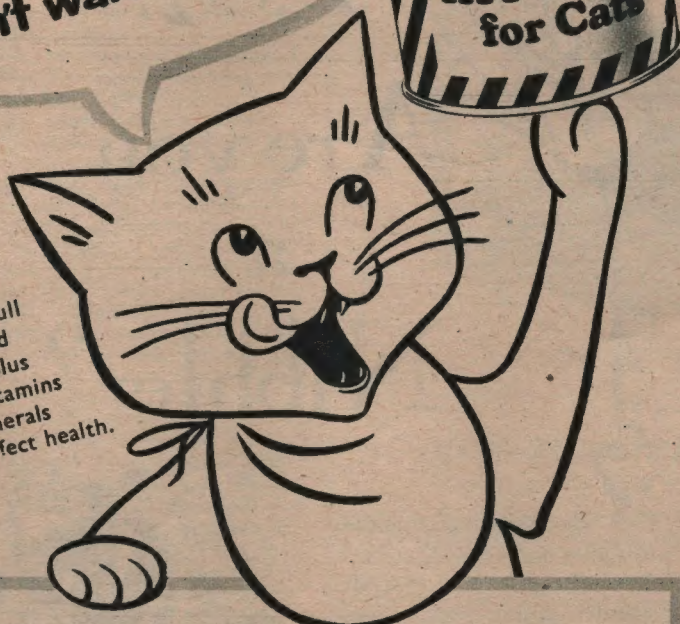
Some species of house-fly are light grey when they emerge from the pupa stage, says an entomologist. They might appear white when seen against a dark background or under artificial light. There are records of albino fruit-flies, but not of albino house-flies.

Court Manners

SOME years ago I was called to serve on the jury at an assizes. To my surprise and pleasure I found that the judge adopted a very kind and gentle manner towards everyone. Last week I attended a sitting at a magistrates' court. The difference astonished me. The chairman was sarcastic—to the point of rudeness and insult—in his remarks to people concerned in the proceedings and, in two instances, in addressing a solicitor.—Mrs. C., Hampshire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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THE SINKING OF THE O.5

by C. E. T. WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY CASWELL

There were two men trapped in the submarine. The escape apparatus was there—but the man in charge hadn't the faintest idea how to use it

NOW, tomorrow morning after divisions, clean towels and report to the D.S.E.A. tank. You'll be there two days, learning how to get out of a submarine, and if you'll take my tip, you'll pay attention. Accidents can happen, even in the Submarine Service. Right, now fall in outside."

The training class of stokers pushed back their chairs, picked up their notebooks and filed towards the door. One of them, Mason, waited to talk to the instructor, Chief Stoker "Bugs" Bartlett.

"Can I have a word with you, Chief?"

"Sure, my lad. What's on your mind?"

"Well—it's about the tank, Chief. I can't swim very well—just enough to pass the test—and I don't like the idea much. Have we all got to go through it?"

The chief stoker looked at Mason. He liked the youngster; he was a Sussex man like himself. When he was in a submarine he would always try and get Sussex men; they weren't complicated like Liverpool Irish or Glasgow Highlanders and, what was more, they could drink a pint without wanting to break somebody's head.

"Are you in any hurry for your tea, son?" asked the chief stoker, and didn't wait for a reply. "Well, if not, sit yourself down and I'll tell you why you should attend the D.S.E.A. tank."

He swung himself on to the table, dangling his legs.

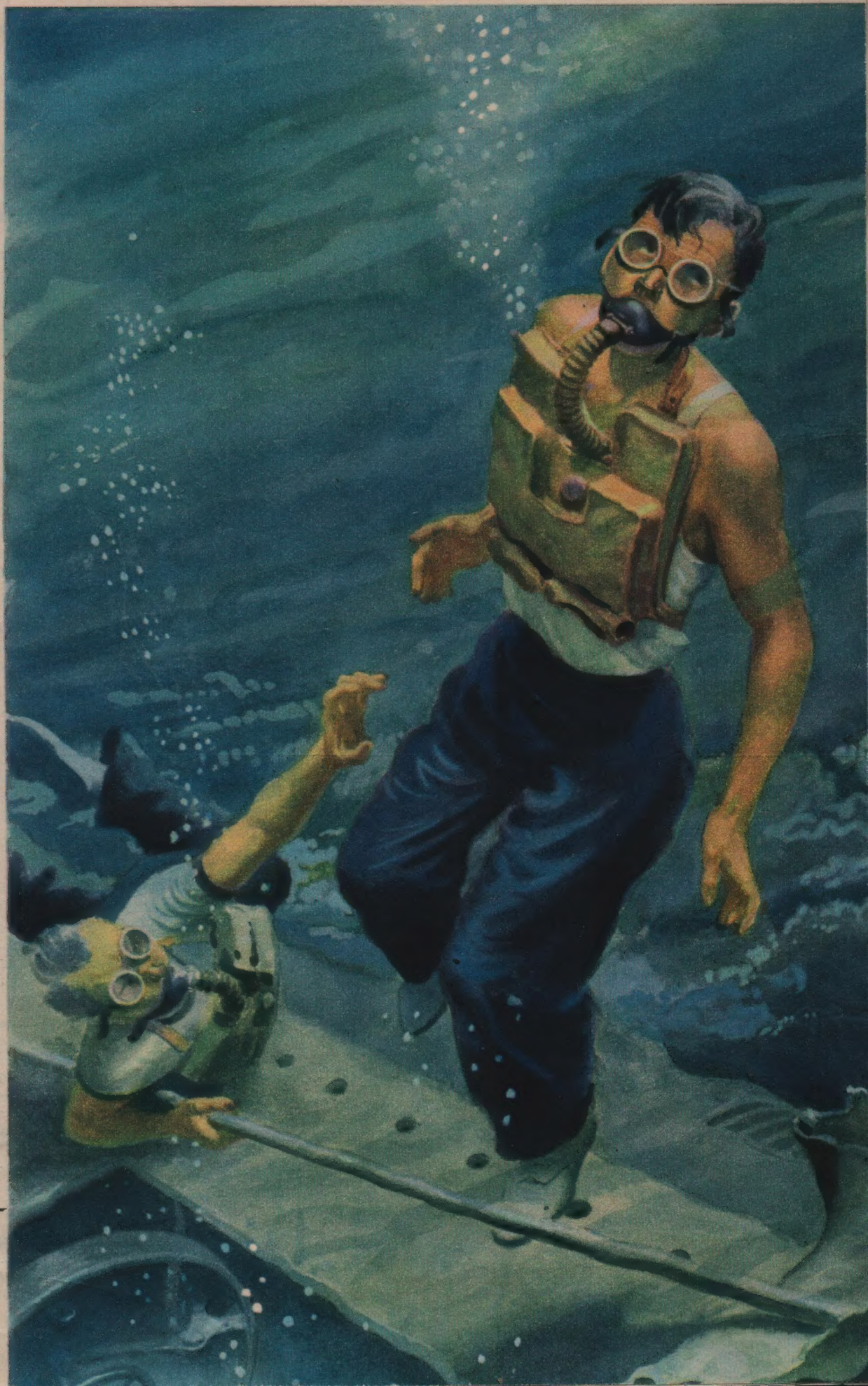
"You know, Mason, when I first joined boats, back in 'thirty, they had just built the tank. It was supposed to be compulsory, like today, but you could wangle out of it. I did—then I went to China. Had a marvellous time there, and I certainly never went near the tank they'd got there, either. Then home for a few months and I rated petty officer, and out back to China again. I got back in 'thirty-nine, picked up the chief's rate and went to O.5."

The chief's legs had stopped swinging from the table. He was bent slightly forward, and was talking half to himself. . . .

O.5 was lost, and I was on her. We were rammed, early one morning—hit a cruiser—and there was only seventy feet of water beneath us. Even the Ities couldn't miss us at that depth. We played cat and mouse for a couple of hours, only we were the silly bloody mouse. We'd had it—so the Old Man decided to give everybody a chance. He was going to surface and then sink her with demolition charges.

I went back aft, making sure that all the men were aware of what was afoot. I reckoned that the engine-room men could use their own hatch—it's the biggest and there's only a short ladder. I told them to jump over the side and

Continued on page 38



He felt something grab at him, and then he was free again—floating up, up, faster and faster, feeling that his head would burst at any moment

Benny Lee tries anything for a laugh

by JOHN ENNIS

He bobs up in one radio show after another, boisterously taking every part that comes. Benny, the producers find, is a tonic to any script



During a break in a recording session, Benny takes another look at his music. Although he seems gay on the air, he takes life seriously



A SLIGHTLY-BUILT YOUNG MAN with a lined, mobile face sat in the office of Pat Dixon, the B.B.C. producer, one day in 1943, and said, "I can act, you know." Wearily the producer replied, "Yes, Benny, I know."

Dixon was a little tired of hearing Benny Lee, singer of jazz songs, insist that he could do more than just sing. "For weeks he had been coming into my office telling me he could act," Dixon recalls. "I pretended to take his word for it, but I remained unconvinced."

Lee was tired, too, of the producer's lack of conviction in his acting ability. He decided to use the pushful technique he had acquired years before as a door-to-door salesman. Taking up a morning newspaper, he began reading aloud. He read the day's news in a variety of characters and accents—Scottish, American, Yorkshire, Irish, cockney.

"I was most impressed," says Dixon. "Since then I have used Benny in most of my variety programmes. He is a fine actor, never temperamental, and he never says 'I can't read this line' or 'It isn't me.'"

Lee has taken part in more than two thousand broadcasts, and has been one of the few comedians to play on the Third Programme. His ability to sing and act comedy parts has turned him into radio's handyman, sought by producers who want a reliable performer to back up the stars in their shows. Now, after playing in such popular programmes as *Hi Gang*, Bonar Colleano's *It's A Great Life*, and *Bedtime With Braden*, Lee is becoming equally handy to television producers. He is resident host on the fortnightly *Teleclub* for teenagers, and is soon to appear in a new television show—a show without a star.

Sang At Parties As A Child

"Benny always pulls out a little more from a script than you have a right to expect," says Denis Norden, the script-writer. "He is worth his weight in gold to any radio show. He has an inexplicable quality we call 'drive.' It bucks up everything he appears in."

His drive has led him to grasp every chance of earning money from entertaining others since, at the age of five, he was given halfpennies for singing "Just A Prayer From The Lips Of A Baby" at family parties. At nine years of age he was singing at social evenings in working men's clubs in Leeds and entering every talent

competition he could track down. Often he would arrive home at 6 a.m., forgo bed, and go for a swim before school. When his school-days ended he toured variety theatres as a singer with an acrobatic team, "The Speedway Seven." He decided to become an acrobat, and chose what he thought was an easy movement to begin with. He watched the others diving over a crouching man, tucking in their heads, rolling head over heels and springing back to their feet. "I tried it," Lee recalls, "but I forgot to tuck in my head. I was unconscious for ten minutes."

Since then he has ruled out acrobatics, but he is still ready to try anything else in the theatre. "It doesn't matter what you do," he says, "as long as you do it right and get the 'lolly.' Many singers want to stick to the slow, sentimental songs. I do the bright and breezy stuff."

Gay Evening In Night Club

He was working as a tailor for £4 12s. 6d. a week in 1941, when his big chance came by accident. He was twenty-five, unfit for any of the Services, and about to be married to Etty, a girl who lived in the same street in Glasgow. The night before his wedding he went out with friends for his last bachelor party. They finished a gay evening at a night club in Glasgow, the Piccadilly, where his pals insisted that Lee should sing with the band.

"The bandleader wasn't very keen, but we were all a little merry, and his objections were ignored," says Lee. He sang two songs. A fortnight later the trumpeter in the band, Johnny Claes, was forming his own band in London. He wired for Lee to join him. Married two weeks, Lee wondered whether to take the risk. His father, foreman at the tailoring factory where he worked, decided for him. "What can you lose?" his father asked. "You'll never make a tailor, anyway." In London he got £9 for working seven nights a week in two clubs.

Eighteen months later he was down to his last £12, and with no engagements in sight was about to give up and return to Glasgow with his wife and baby Daphne. A job at the Embassy Club in the West End carried him along to the day when he convinced Pat Dixon he could act. Since then his value has risen to the point where, on a recent variety tour, he was paid £150 a week.

In spite of the secure place he has won in radio and television, Lee remains a worrier—a man whose nerves cause him to nibble his fingernails and give an occasional twitch to the muscles of his face. Though he remains quiet and reliable through any studio crisis, his calm can rapidly disappear at anything he considers an injustice in private life.

In one of his first radio shows, *It's A Pleasure*, Lee's opening line each week was

Etty, Benny's wife, brings Barbara (kneeling) and Daphne in to say goodnight as he works on scripts. He became a singer a fortnight after his wedding



Watched by Peter Glover (left) Benny tries out a new TV dance routine with Denise Hirst

"Hallo folks, sorry I'm late." About this time he bought a car and was refused insurance to cover passengers—an experience shared by many people in show business because they frequently carry stars who might claim heavy damages if the looks by which they earn their living were marred in an accident. Lee, however, was told that the insurance manager had refused him on the grounds that he was an emotional, unstable and undependable character.

Lee strode into the insurance office to ask the manager how he could say such a thing about someone he had never met. "I don't need to meet you," the manager told him. "I hear you on the radio. You are never in time for your own programme."

Flabbergasted, Lee began explaining he was merely playing a part in *It's A Pleasure*. The manager listened in silence while Lee's temper rose. When his rage was at its height, the insurance man held up his hand. "There you are," he said. "Just what I thought. An emotional, unstable character. . . ." Lee did not get the insurance.

Working in nightclubs in blacked-out Soho was not always good for his nerves. One night, as he was climbing the steps from a basement club, a policeman shone his torch to show him the way. The light fell on a man who sat on the pavement, propped against a wall. Lee nodded

towards the man. "Drunk?" he asked the policeman.

"Dead," the policeman replied. Then Lee saw a knife sticking in the body. The man had been murdered in a nearby gambling club.

Lee believes that his boyhood experiences of drifting from job to job have been useful to him as an actor—"though I don't recommend any boy doing the same." Before he settled as an unwilling tailor he worked as a fairground barker. One of his first radio parts was in the character of a fairground barker, and he made his first hit on television as a crazy tailor in the Terry-Thomas show *How Do You View?*

In one of his efforts to make his fortune away from the tailoring trade, Lee joined up with his two cousins for a tour of fairgrounds. He ran a lucky dip stall.

"I had a shoebox filled with numbered envelopes standing on edge," he explains. "The customer paid twopence, drew out an envelope, and qualified for a small prize according to the number he had drawn. Number ten gave the person who picked it a choice of anything on the stall, including the expensive-looking goods at the back. But number ten envelope was not standing on edge; it lay flat on the bottom of the box, covered by all the others."

One day a man paid his twopence, thrust his

hand to the bottom of the box, and confidently pulled out number ten. He walked away with a canteen of cutlery. "I thought he had wrecked our business," says Lee. Almost in tears he called his cousins and broke the news. "Don't worry," they told him. "The cutlery is worth only four shillings."

Benny Lee was born in the Gorbals, Glasgow, in 1916. His family moved to Leeds, where he spent his schooldays, then back to Glasgow when he was fifteen. In the late 1930s he joined the Glasgow Jewish Institute Dramatic Club, where he discovered that straight acting could be as dangerous as acrobatics.

Cast as a brutal Tsarist officer in one play, Lee was waiting for the entry of a girl he had sent offstage for wine. She missed her cue. "I was in a sweat," he says. "Then I had a brilliant notion. I roared, 'Where's that girl with the wine?'"

The girl realized she had missed her cue, and ran on the stage. She tripped over the threshold of a door in the scenery, and the bottle of wine flew from her hand to hit Lee between the eyes. For the second time he lay unconscious on a stage.

"Coffee" Was Make-up Powder

In the semi-final of a drama contest in 1937, Lee was playing the part of an idiot boy in an American play, *The Undercurrent*. Coffee had to be drunk in one scene, and at the last minute somebody discovered that the coffee pot was empty. The stage manager hurriedly mixed water with brown make-up powder and warned everybody only to pretend to drink it. Lee did not hear the warning.

"I took a good swig and gave a lifelike impersonation of an idiot boy," he recalls. A B.B.C. producer was present, and a week later he gave Lee an audition that led to thirty broadcasts at about three guineas a time as a straight actor from the Glasgow studios in the three years before the war.

Though he realizes that his strength lies in the fact that he can both sing and act, he still dreams wistfully of making his name as a straight actor. "I think of myself as an actor who can sing, but I seem to have made a reputation as a singer who can act," he says. "It is a sad reflection that a lousy crooner can earn more than a good actor."

Lee has a strong tendency to philosophize in this way about his work. Ted Morgan, of the Lawrence Wright Music Company, says: "Publicly Benny is pixilated, but privately he is a serious character." Lee points out that the experience of being on the dole gave him a serious view of life. Recently he said to a young man who had let sudden success on the stage go to his head: "Remember that nobody in this business is worth a scrap to the country compared with a miner."

Always Exuberant In Public

Among his professional friends, however, he rarely lets his serious side show. In Denmark Street, London's Tin Pan Alley, he is known as a lively funmaker. They remember him on one occasion kneeling and touching his forehead on the pavement and uttering loud salaams as a highly paid girl crooner swept by with her retinue.

His noisy exuberance is calmly accepted by the music publishers. Recently a stranger was waiting to meet him in an office on the second floor of a building in a busy London street, and Lee was a few minutes late. Suddenly a secretary, who was sitting near the window, spoke. "Mr. Lee is here now," she said, without a pause in her typing. "I can hear him in the street."

Lee once overheard two musicians talking about him in an interval of a rehearsal session. "He's a clot," said one of the men.

"Yes—but he's an amiable clot," said the other. Says Benny Lee, with a smile: "That will do for my epitaph."

THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

A girl among the men

by **HOWARD JONES**

ILLUSTRATED BY SAWYER

She was a rough, tough girl with no time for men.
Then came Bill—and her world turned upside down

I KNEW TOM JENSEN in the old Pine River days. He was a bull of a man even then, fair-headed and huge and fearless. I never seen a finer timberman. In our Canadian flood waters he could ride the logs as nimble as a dancer, and the peavey was a wand of magic between his hands.

And even then, the crewmen were afeared of him. Afeared of his strength, I mean; afeared of his fierce temper and his bellowing, blaspheming tongue. I never seen anyone get the best of Tom excepting his own gal, Janie, and that stringy college boy, Bill Peters.

By and by, Tom was a foreman on the Tocahee River drives. I worked many a spring up there with him. He was easier with me than with most, on account of my old acquaintance, I suppose, and knowing I'd never cross him.

Tom always had a bad name with the crewmen on account of his hard ways. I seen many a good hand drift off to other camps, though the owners paid Tom's men best of any. For Tom never let the millers down. He never lost a log, he never let a drive hang dry, he never loosed a jam with blasts of dynamite.

I don't know how Tom came to marry pretty Mary Fuller from the general store at Granville. He never felt real love for her, I'm certain sure. He always had contempt for womenkind; they're only fit for a bedding and a beating, he used to say. Well, pretty little Mary fulfilled his expectations by producing a premature babe and a-dying on him before he could round on her.

The baby wasn't a boy, neither. Jane Mary she was called. I saw plenty of her from time to time. A tiny thing she was in those early days, dark-eyed like her mam, fair of hair like Tom. He treated her rough like he treated everyone, though I never saw him lay a hand on her. He didn't need to, I reckon. Janie always done what she was told.

I felt sorry for Janie. In her baby days some kind dame at Granville looked after her, and she done some schooling there. Maybe she had other kids to play around with, maybe she had dolls and party dresses and such things. I wouldn't know. I didn't see her from the time she was eight till she came up on the Tocahee drives with Tom.

She was a biggish gal, about sixteen. Honest, I never knew her. The only sameness about her was her name and her mam's dark, docile eyes. Seemed like she wasn't a gal no more, except that her hair was caught up on top in a knot. She wore a check blouse and blue jeans and calked boots, same as the men.

She done a man's work, too. Many a dawn

I seen her out with a peavey, bending her young strength against some shored log. I seen her waist-deep in water, helping to unlock a jam of timber down by Morgan's Shallows. She was one of the crew—no more, no less. She ate the same chow as the men, she worked the same hours, she drew the standard wages.

She was burnt dark as nut by the sun, and her face was a mask that didn't give nothing away. Sometimes I heard her swear, but she didn't talk much. She didn't smile much, neither. You wouldn't think she was all that pretty, not unless you searched them big, dark eyes of hers. And for certain, that was something she'd never allow.

It made me sore to see Tom fetching her up this way. One hand reckoned it come about through Tom smashing a leg up in Glory Woods in the soft winter. Because after this accident Tom couldn't ride the logs safely any more, and he got a satisfaction in seeing Janie doing the things he might have done with two sound legs.

Well, that was maybe right. Long ago I'd learned Tom's ideas regarding women; and I knew he always wanted a boy of his own. And I think it was for this he defied the Lord's will and tried to change this gal of his.

He brought Janie up to the Tocahee drives for four or five successive years. Except she plumped out a little, she didn't change much. In all that time I never saw her in a woman's skirt. In all that time I never heard one word of natural woman's talk from her—I mean talk of dresses or babies or film stars, and such. I used to bed down in the kitchen and she in the storeroom, so I saw more of her than most. But she never let on she was anything different from what she made out to be; a rough, tough gal, equal with any of the men.

EXCEPT once. She'd been out all day with the river running fast, and came in bone tired. That evening she was off her chow, and she turned in early. Round midnight I was wakened by a sound I hadn't heard in a dozen years: a woman sobbing.

I lay a while. Then I got up and lit a lamp and went in to her. She was on her bed, still in her workaday things, her face turned away from me. She was silent now, but I saw her shoulders jerking, and I saw her bare heels were red and raw. Squeak-heel, loggers call that; it's caused by sand working into wet boots.

"They need dressing," I says. I dressed her heels, and made a tidy job of it, too. Still she didn't move. She didn't speak.

I eased her over on the bed. Her eyes were dry and her lips pressed up tight. She



I opened the door and went into Janie's room.

just looked, she didn't speak. I says: "Mind you, I seen feet a sight worse than them. But it's different for a man, I suppose."

Her face suddenly crumpled and she let out a wail. Pretty and womanly she looked just then, her eyes all big and streaming shameless. Inside she was all to pieces, I could see. I took her hand, like I'd sometimes done in her baby days, and she held on tight. And presently she quietened.

I says: "You're scared, Janie."

"Yes," she says.

"He gets us all that way," I says.

She nodded yes. And after a bit she says: "I reckon the river's worse than Dad. It's worse than anything. When it's fast and ugly like today, I die a thousand deaths out there on the timber. It gets me terrible bad sometimes."

"You might play up them feet for a week or so," I says.

She shook her head. "No, I can't do that. Once I stopped I'd never ride the logs again. And anyways, I'll get over it." She was restless a while, then she gave me a bit of a smile. "Well, it's good to talk to someone," she says. "But don't you tell Dad. Promise you won't tell Dad. Promise you won't tell a soul."

I promised and left her sleeping.

This happened the year before the hard winter. It started with November blizzards, and when the blizzard lifted, there was fine, steady



She lay on her bed, still in workaday things, and I saw her shoulders heave as she sobbed. Then I saw something else—her heels were red and raw

snow, day on day, week on week. The wind never moved from the northern quarter. It snowed and froze, snowed and froze, till you'd have sold your soul for the sight of the blue heaven or the misted glimmer of a moon. I seen the thirty-foot drift on Trans-Canada Highway running mile after mile through the hills, like the Wall of China. I seen cattle still on their feet, yet dead and frozen stiff.

With the thaw, a demon was loosed in the river. Wide and black and deep she was, and speeding like a runaway train. I've never known her uglier. But still the drive had to go on. There'd been heavy falling of pines along the ridges, and down the river the booms were strengthened. The owners put in a big labour force on Tocahee; many old hands were there, lured by the danger money; and a dozen college boys, too, full of book-learning on trees and timber, but wonderful ignorant of the ways of the river.

BILL PETERS was one of these, a lean, dark-haired chap of twenty-three, with strong wrists—and a willing heart, so the old hands said. I heard he had good expectations, being a nephew of the owner of a big mill at West Bay, in the southern part of the province. But that counted for nothing at Tocahee. I seen him many a night alone, reading and smoking a briar in some quiet corner. But I never gave him much attention till the night

I caught him kissing Janie. He was standing in the deep shadows beneath the giant alder at Bullman's Creek. I was puzzled, so still he was and silent and preoccupied.

Then I heard the sound of a kiss, and very loud it seemed in the cool, quiet night. Bill jerked his chin at me, and I saw Janie raise her head above his shoulder.

She looked straight at me. She must have seen me. And she didn't care, she didn't care. Nobody spoke, and so I turned away and wandered back to the camp. Tom might have caught them easy as I did, I thought. Anyone might have caught them.

There's nothing against a young chap kissing a gal in ordinary circumstances. But here the gal was Janie. That made it different somehow. I knew too well Tom's temper and his cruelty and violence when he was crossed. I knew too well his crazy ideas for Janie. Which-ever way I looked at it, I couldn't see nothing but unhappiness for her if she fooled along this way. A man's concern in business which wasn't rightly his? Well, maybe. But I had a real fondness for Janie. And it struck me that this Bill Peters, being a new hand, didn't properly comprehend Tom's character. I resolved I must speak with Bill upon this subject.

But he never gave me the chance. Of a sudden both he and Janie became wonderful evasive. After chow they'd slip away to some secret place, and I never saw the going of them

nor heard their coming in. This continued for a week or more and had me mighty worried for Janie's sake. Then the Lord in His wisdom took the worry from my mind.

ONE morning around two o'clock I awoke to hear the alarm bell calling out all hands. I lay a while, straining my ears. Except for the distant bell, the silence of death lay on the river. There's always a pattern of sound to moving water, always. It's a healthy sign. When it stops, you smell danger. And I knew this silence could mean only one thing. The timber was locked, damming the river.

I went down to the bank, taking a peavey in case I could help. But there was nothing I could do. A good moon was shining. I saw the night mists lifting beyond the southern shore, and a mist of spray over the river, thickening like smoke from a hidden fire. No rush and tumble of dark waters now, just a swelling and heaving of grey froth over logs which writhed like captured monsters. Side-ways they tossed up and down, but never forward.

Somewhere down river, a single snagged log, the key log, held them firm. That log had to be shifted and shifted quick. If ever there was a job for dynamite, this was it.

But I knew Tom Jensen would as soon slit his throat as use the dynamite. I watched him

Continued on page 35



Gilbert interviews bystanders for the *Meet John Londoner* programme in 1943. His first trial interview was "an elaborate monologue by Harding"

ALONG MY LINE (8) *by Gilbert Harding*

My first step to radio fame

Representing the B.B.C. in Canada seemed to Gilbert an odd way of making his name. Then, back home, came his big chance

AS AN ASSISTANT of the Outside Broadcasting Department in 1942, I shared an office in Cavendish Square with Raymond Glendenning, Wynford Vaughan-Thomas and Stewart MacPherson. I soon found that I had a great deal to learn. Lots of things one took for granted turned out to be not as easy as they seemed.

Interviewing, for example, seems the easiest thing in the world. But the first interview I ever did was not used for broadcasting. When it was played back it turned out to be an elaborate monologue by Gilbert Harding, with the interviewee occasionally saying, "Yes, that's right." I had committed the gross error

of putting all the words into the other man's mouth.

But I settled down. A regular weekly programme broadcast to America was called *Meet John Londoner*. That was a terrible chore. I dreaded Tuesdays, when we attended "briefing meetings" to be told which subjects to emphasize and which to avoid. Then out we would go into the streets with a recording car to find our people.

The people were obviously more interested in us, and what we were doing, than in themselves. Having settled on someone, we would go through an exasperating rigmarole.

"How does the mike work?" a lorry driver

would ask. We would explain in simple terms.

"Shall I be able to hear it?" We were never sure.

"Do you know So-and-So, whose brother's nephew's father is at the B.B.C.?" We seldom did.

"Pity. He's a very clever bloke. Well educated."

"Now," we would ask, "will you record a short interview with us?"

"No, thanks, mate. I must be getting along."

We would quickly have to find somebody else and, as likely as not, the whole thing would happen all over again.

We shared the work between us, and I am not ashamed to say that I dodged the dangerous assignments. I have enough courage, and only enough courage, to admit that I have none.

Therefore, whenever any outside broadcasts arose which involved being let down in a cradle by the National Fire Service or catapulted in a Walrus off the deck of a battleship, or using the Davis sea-escape apparatus or something of that kind, then I always found it convenient to get someone else to do it. I asked them to take over either on the ground that I was not able to tackle it, or I flattered them by saying that their skill was so much greater than mine—therefore they would do it so much better. Or if they saw through me, as people like Wynford Vaughan-Thomas did at once, I would say: "I can't bear to do it myself, dear fellow. Will you?"

So I never myself had any exciting experiences at all, with one exception. In a

broadcast in my own series called *The Microphone Wants To Know*, we wanted to know how to do mine detector work. Although I had obtained assurances that the mines could not in fact go off, one suddenly exploded near enough to upset me, and confirmed me in my resolution that death and danger in the front line had no place for Harding.

I learned a lot in that department because Michael Standing, now Controller of Entertainment, had the excellent habit of listening carefully to everything that his assistants did and then quite often playing back the recordings to them, stopping to make comments, favourable or unfavourable. Though he did not lightly hand out bouquets, at least one felt that somebody cared what one was doing.

After two years of this outside broadcasting, I successfully applied for the newly created job of assistant to the B.B.C.'s Canadian representative in Toronto. And so I went off to Canada for the second time. There was the usual last-minute rush, complicated by silly wartime hush-hush regulations. I was not told the port of embarkation or in which ship I would be travelling, and by the time I was ready to go, I was in a foul temper.

To Canada With War Brides

Checking this for a while, because my mother was coming to see me off, I drove to Euston in the middle of an air raid. The train was hot and crowded and dirty and took ages to get us to our destination, which turned out to be "somewhere in Scotland," and the following evening I sailed from Greenock in the old Aquitania.

It was quite unbelievably horrible. The ship was under contract to the U.S. Government, the service was nil, and the bar liquorless. I soon finished off the bottle of whisky I had brought along on the trip, and was served practically incessantly with iced Coca Cola, not a drop of which I have touched since. Eight of us shared a cabin about ten feet by six feet.

The old liner was now a troopship carrying officers back from European service. It also carried the first batch of war brides. They were being very well looked after by the Canadian Red Cross, but this did not prevent them from making our days and nights hideous with their groanings and retchings as the ship heaved and tossed in the open sea.

Many of the mothers were pregnant, many more were nursing babies in their arms. The squalls of angry babies and the screechings of massed motherhood made me thankful, not for the first time, that I was still a bachelor and more than likely to remain one for the rest of my life.

We were not allowed to smoke on deck after dark and the constant boat drill was an unpleasant reminder that the sea around us was thick with submarines. I was very glad indeed to get to Halifax. But then another setback confronted me.

"I Was Not Allowed To Land"

The immigration officials had not been told that I was coming and would not allow me to land. The B.B.C. had not taken the trouble to inform the authorities that I did not intend to earn money in Canada other than from official British funds. So angry was I with the stupid bumbledom of the gum-chewing officials at Halifax that I almost went back. After a day's delay the difficulty was overcome and I set off for Montreal, where I arrived cross and tired, a state from which I rarely seemed to recover during the rest of my stay in Canada.

For a country which literally has everything, Canada is the most backward, gastronomically, in the world. The people have some horrible eating manners. Catsup (or ketchup) is liberally poured over everything: fish, beef, eggs. Ice-cold milk is the favourite tippie. And when you come to the pudding—the sweet, as they



As Gilbert prepared his commentary on a sea cadet training school, he knew that Michael Standing, his chief, would listen and later play back the recording to him—with comments



Investigating the mysteries of wartime equipment for the B.B.C., Harding visited an R.A.F. training centre. On another occasion a land mine exploded near him as he used a detector



Make this a *Superspeed* Christmas

What a handsome present! A Gillette Superspeed Razor Set to start him off with the world's swiftest, smoothest shave every morning for years ahead.

Quick-action Gillette razor with quick-feed Blue Gillette Dispenser — that's Superspeed Shaving. Twist — the razor's open, click — a new blade in a flash from the quick-feed Dispenser, twist — the razor's closed ready for a fast smooth shave. And to end the old blade nuisance, the Gillette Dispenser has a built-in container for used blades.



58 Set — Fine red leatherette case containing one-piece, silver finish razor and 10 Blue Gillette Blades in Dispenser with used blade container. 18/6.

Gillette Shaving Creams — The new perfect Shaving Cream, containing K.34, an amazingly effective antiseptic. Brushless and Lather. Standard size 2/3. Giant size 3/6.



Another Welcome Gift. This gaily designed pack contains four Quick-feed Gillette Dispensers. Each holds 10 Blue Gillette Blades, the sharpest in the world, perfectly protected, ready for instant use. Used blade container ends old blade nuisance. A time and trouble saver for months to come. 11/4.

Gift pack of 20 Blue Gillette Blades in Dispenser 5/8.



The 'Rocket' Razor Set — a quick-action one-piece Gillette Razor, a quick-feed Dispenser containing six Blue Gillette Blades with built-in used blade container, in an attractive moulded case with transparent lid. 6/6.

Other Gillette Superspeed Sets from 10/2 to 31/- If he already has a Gillette razor give him a shaving brush to add to his morning luxury for years. 5/6 and 9/4.

Gillette

Superspeed Shaving

QUICK-ACTION RAZOR WITH QUICK-FEED BLUE GILLETTE DISPENSER

call it—you are given tasteless frozen bits of cream and canned fruit.

At the end of a meal the waiter comes up to you and genially asks: "What's your bev?" This means: Do you want tea or coffee? Tea is made with hot (but never boiling) water in which is dangled a little bag of poor-quality tea leaves.

Maddened by this, you cannot console yourself with a stiff drink. When I got there in 1944 the monthly ration was half a bottle of whisky, gin or rum. Soon after I arrived I learned that an impresario had taken Toscanini to a Toronto liquor store to get a permit.

"Occupation?" demanded the clerk, after filling in the famous man's name.

"Conductor," said Toscanini, and on the permit was written T.T.C.—Toronto Tramways Commission.

Stark, Vast, Grand Country

I had not travelled much when I was in Canada in the 1930s. Now I got it hot and strong. The country itself was stark and vast and grand, and as my work took me ever farther afield, I enjoyed the sense of space and massive grandeur that is its strength and charm. Once again I fell under the magic spell of the province of Quebec. I enjoyed the simple, refreshing courtesy of the French Canadians, the uprightness of the children. It was good to move around and watch the seasons change.

Once again, I was thrilled by Montreal and revolted by Ottawa. Then I went to the west coast and realized the amount of admiration due to the Canadians for having made so much out of such uncompromising material—those endless prairies and bare, rocky mountains.

In Vancouver, however, the inhabitants are more English than the English. I always found it most irritating to be told: "How I love your English accent!" It was useless for me to protest that I had not got one. "How can I speak English with an English accent?" I would ask. "I might speak French with an English accent, or German, but I just *speak* English. Anyhow, what is wrong with a Canadian accent?"

I found Canada torn by a great conscription crisis, and tempers ran high between the Canadians and the French Canadians. It was fashionable to detest MacKenzie King and adore Churchill, and I witnessed some spectacular quarrels.

Bitter Rivalries In Toronto

The absurdity of racial prejudices was most amusingly illustrated for me one day in Toronto. I was crossing Jarvis Street from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation building with a colleague who was going to collect his laundry from a Chinese called Fred Foo. Across his arm he had a pair of trousers. Having collected his laundry, he was paying for it when Foo asked: "Where you taking them pants?"

"Down to Issy's," said my colleague, a French Canadian named Beaudette, referring to an Austrian Jewish refugee who pressed clothes in a little store down the road.

"You no want to go him," said the Chinese. "He's a goddam Jew."

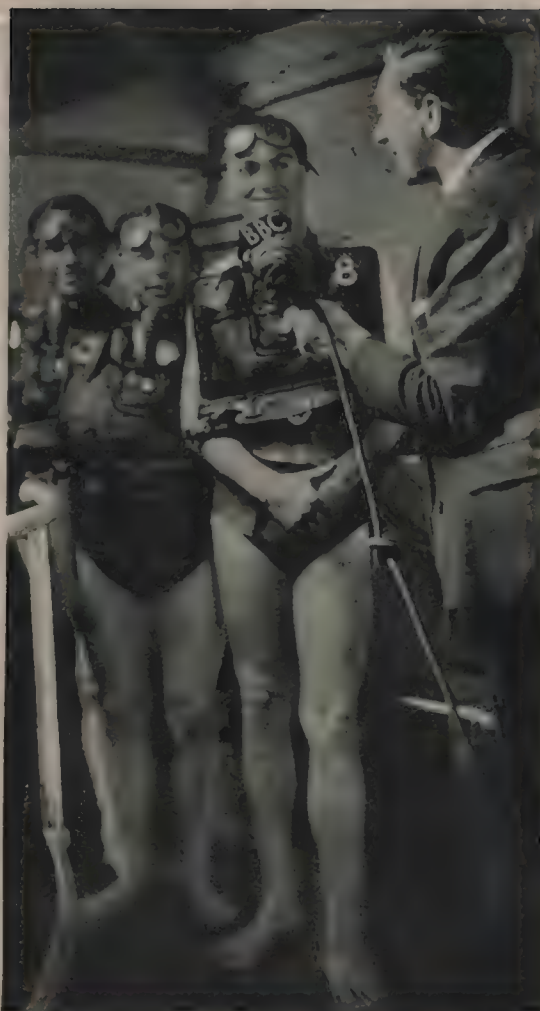
"What the hell has that got to do with you?" said Beaudette. "You're only a Chink yourself."

Foo gave him a look of supreme contempt and commented to me: "Lousy French Canadian." I did not say anything.

"Say, what's biting you?" sneered the Chinese at me. "You've no right to criticize. You're only a stinking Limey, anyway."

A good example, I think, of the absurdity of racial and religious bias.

Jarvis Street, by the way, contained some dubious residences. Having found comfortable rooms there, I moved in and was not in the least put off by some of my neighbours, who were rather lurid. One evening I was at a



"I have enough courage to admit that I have none," says Gilbert. He happily interviewed men using sea escape gear, but preferred to let another commentator try the apparatus

dinner party when a pompous woman turned to me and asked: "And where do you live?"

"Jarvis Street," I said.

The woman looked disapprovingly at me. "That's not a very fashionable address," she said superciliously.

"Neither is Toronto, madam," I replied, tucking into my steak.

At another function I was placed beside a female pillar of Toronto society, complete with a title. "What do you think of Canada?" she asked as an opening gambit.

"Marvellous," I replied, knowing the drill.

"Do you like Canadian art?" I said it was wonderful. "And have you seen the Niagara Falls?" I said I had. "What did you think of them?"

"Magnificent," I said. "Glorious. Superb."

If Milady had been content with this and turned to the man at her other side, all might have been well. But it was not to go smoothly. "What do you think of the conscription issue?" she went on.

"I think its opponents have a lot in their favour," I said.

"Really?" my neighbour said icily. "I don't." Then she went on: "Isn't it disgraceful the number of Catholics who are working for the B.B.C.?"

"No, it isn't," I said. "I happen to be a Catholic employee of the B.B.C."

"At least, I am sure you will agree with me that the French Canadians are making an awful nuisance of themselves."

"Not at all," I said. "I think they are a wonderful people, and far more courteous than most of us Britishers."

"Come!" snapped my neighbour. "I am broadminded, but I think you are carrying things a little too far."

"I don't think I am," I replied. "I am merely answering your questions with as much honesty and patience as I can possibly contrive. I am not pro-conscription. I am not anti-

Catholic, and I am certainly not against the French Canadians. I am not, in fact, against anything or anyone except crass stupidity and narrow bias. For my part I would be willing to employ, or work beside, not only French Canadians, but Hindus, Kaffirs, Chinese, Rumanian Jews and Kentucky Minstrels."

"This is outrageous," the woman said, rising. "I refuse to sit here and be insulted. Stand up, sir!"

"Why?" I asked. "I am perfectly comfortable as I am."

"Either you stand up and leave this table or I do."

"Well, I'm staying," I said. "I have not the slightest intention of being discourteous to my hosts."

So the woman flounced out, and that was the last I ever saw of her.

My outspokenness once landed me behind bars. A "trigger-happy" member of the Toronto Constabulary, while observing two teenagers opening and shutting motor car doors, formed the somewhat primitive conclusion that they were "loitering with intent to commit a felony" or at least that they were going to rob the cars.

Seeing the policeman, they ran away. They were called upon to stop, but they ran on. Taking careful aim, the policeman shot one of the boys in the back; he died in Jarvis Street between my flat and the C.B.C. offices where I worked.

Police Whisked Gilbert Off

The boy's death was the topic of indignant conversation among groups in the street. About four or five days after that, I went from my flat to the local drug store at the corner to buy some soda water, ginger ale and cigarettes, leaving some guests in the flat. When I did not return after forty-five minutes they instituted a search for me and found that I was in the precincts of the police station—charged with being "drunk and disorderly."

What happened was that I had seen two policemen at the corner who were making people move on, even if they were only standing for a minute. I stood there looking at them and they had promptly told me to move on. "I can stand where I like, can't I?" I asked.

"Get on your way, bud," they had replied.

"What are you looking for, another small boy to shoot in the back?" I asked, somewhat nastily.

Immediately I was whisked off to the police station and there charged with being drunk and disorderly, which I must say made me very angry.

I pleaded guilty because I did not want any publicity and I am sure the B.B.C. did not either, and nobody heard about it. Certainly my boss never knew until I told him months later.

Christmas Link With Britain

Some weeks before the Christmas of 1945, I found myself involved in the B.B.C.'s annual radio epic—the Christmas Day hook-up, which takes place during the hour preceding the reigning monarch's speech at three o'clock.

As early as June we were asked to make suggestions for the best way to represent Canada. Was it to be a lumberjack talking from British Columbia? Or a miner from North Ontario? Or an Indian from one of the reserves? Or just a farmer on the prairie?

In the end it was decided there should be a four-minute broadcast from a holiday hotel in the Laurentian Mountains above Quebec. Several days before the broadcast we began to rehearse, putting the hotel staff to much inconvenience.

Although he knew that we would not be allowed to mention the name of his hotel, the proprietor, a cheerful man called Wheeler, stoically put up with our frenzied moving

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Magnets can perform queer tricks. Mawson hands two to a girl assistant, who finds that she cannot make like poles meet. He tried this on an Indian visitor, who thought it was sorcery

Desmond Mawson sells an invisible force

by KEITH ELLIS

In his magnets lies a strange power. Some defy the strength of seven men. Others delight the children—and fascinate adults

SOME TIME AGO, Desmond Mawson casually advised a visitor to his magnetic laboratory to remove his watch before entering. They spent the next half hour or so examining Mawson's collection of experimental and production magnets, which range from telephone magnets about an inch long to experimental horseshoes with nine-inch limbs and a pull of two and a half hundredweights.

After leaving the laboratory, the visitor looked at his watch. "Ten to eleven," he said. "If I hurry, I shall be just in time for my appointment."

Mawson looked at his own watch. "I'm afraid you'll be late," he said. "It's ten past."

The man looked at his watch again. It had

stopped. Mawson asked: "Where did you put it when I asked you to remove it?"

"In my pocket," replied the visitor.

"What he'd failed to realize," says Mawson, "is that magnetism easily penetrates cloth. He might just as well have left it on his wrist. Since then, I've made sure that visitors leave their watches on a bench outside. My own watch is anti-magnetic."

At twenty-nine, Mawson is tall and slim, with a fresh complexion and light-brown, wavy hair. Since 1950 he has been head of magnetic research at the Sheffield firm of William Jessop, and is also responsible for the sale and technical production of magnets. Like all good salesmen, Mawson is himself "sold" on his product. "Magnets," he says, "are modern life. The

vast majority of modern domestic appliances incorporate some form of magnet, and new uses for magnets are being discovered almost daily."

In the average home, magnets are an indispensable part of the radio, television, gramophone, electric meter and vacuum cleaner. They are also used in electric clocks, bicycle dynamos, motor cycle magnetos and children's toys. In one make of kitchen cabinet, the doors are secured by simple magnets built into the lintel.

When a magnet attracts materials made of magnetic substances—mainly iron, cobalt and nickel—it nearly always leaves behind it a trace of its own power. In the case of a watch, the power enters the coils of the balance-spring and causes it to clog. This either stops the watch or ruins its time-keeping qualities. "You can demagnetize watches," says Mawson, "but somehow they're never the same afterwards."

Weighed More Than A Ton

This simple power of attraction has been exploited in a host of commercial gadgets. Mawson tells of magnetic cuff-links which stick together without a clip, of magnetic pendants which hang from ear-rings without any other support, of a universal pen-holder which consists of a steel-tipped plastic sheath which swivels in the magnetic socket of a stand. Jessop's largest magnet was a one and a quarter ton model required by St. Andrew's University for nuclear resonance research. It cost nearly £1,000. The smallest were punched circles about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, to be used as markers on a metal map.

One of the commonest domestic applications of a magnet is the ordinary electric meter, in which consumption is logged by a revolving metal disc. This normally spins too quickly for accurate measurement, so a horse-shoe magnet is placed round it to "damp" its movement. "These magnets have to be absolutely accurate in their strength," says Mawson. "Otherwise the disc spins too quickly or too slowly and the householder has to pay more or less for his electricity."

Knowing this, one householder placed a second magnet on his meter to increase the strength of the "damper" magnet and thus reduce his bill. All went well until he left the house and took the magnet with him. "The next tenant," says Mawson, "soon complained that he was paying too much for his electricity. When the inspector examined the meter, he found that the 'damper' was below strength. In withdrawing his magnet, the previous tenant had partially demagnetized the 'damper.'"

Some time ago, Mawson's firm had a request from the Chief Constable of Cambridge for a magnet strong enough to lift abandoned bicycles from the River Cam. "We designed one that weighed twenty pounds and would lift two hundredweights."

Used In Toys And Games

The same power of attraction has also been exploited by toy-makers, especially in the various forms of fishing games in which paper "fish," tipped with iron, leap to the "bait" which consists of a tiny bar magnet. During the war, horseshoe magnets were used by divers for clamping limpet mines to enemy ships.

"Nowadays," says Mawson, "you rarely find bits of stray metal in tobacco and food—largely because manufacturers now pass their products under a strong magnet which extracts metallic impurities." Handcarts, with built-in magnets underneath, are used to sweep workshop floors and aircraft runways of stray lumps of metal. A special form of magnet built into the oil-sump plug of a motor car attracts to itself metal sludge. Besides keeping the oil clear, it also prevents a misplaced nut or bolt from getting loose and damaging the engine.

In industry, magnets are used as chucks for

Continued on page 37

THE SAINT IN EUROPE

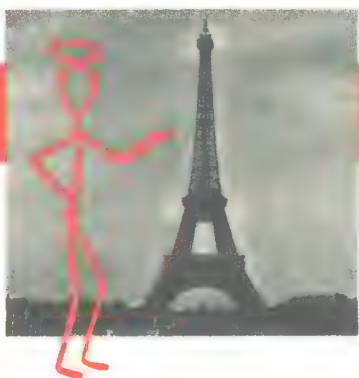
by LESLIE CHARTERIS

FOR THE FIRST TIME in five years, Simon Templar, alias the Saint, appears in a new adventure. His return is timely—for this is his twenty-fifth anniversary.

It was in 1928 that Leslie Charteris, then nineteen and impecunious, wrote the first story, *The Saint Meets The Tiger*. The modern Robin Hood, with an eye for a pretty girl, caught on. More books followed.

IN THE TWENTY-FIVE years, his adventures have reached millions all over the world—by book, film, radio and strip cartoon. Today, the forty-six year old Charteris, reputedly a millionaire, lives in Florida. And normally the Saint lives there, too.

In this exclusive JOHN BULL supplement—a trio of completely new stories—he returns on a sentimental pilgrimage to his old haunts—the playgrounds of Europe.



I. PARIS

The Covetous Headsman

I HOPE, MONSIEUR TEMPLAR," said Inspector Archimède Quercy, of the Paris *Police Judiciaire*, in passable English, "that you will not think this meeting is unfriendly."

"Nevertheless," Simon replied, in perfect French, "to be summoned here on my very first day in Paris seems at least an unusual distinction."

"The Saint is an unusual personage," said Inspector Quercy, reverting gratefully to his native tongue.

He was a long, thin man with a long, thin nose, and even with rather long, thin hair. He had a solemn, anxious face with wistful eyes like a questioning spaniel. Simon knew that the appearance was deceptive. It was the Saint's business, in the cause of outlawry, to know the reputations of many police officers in many places.

"If you come here as a simple tourist," Quercy said, "France welcomes you. We have, as you well know, a beautiful country, good food, good wine, and pretty girls. They are at your disposal—for you, no doubt, have plenty of dollars which France so badly needs. But as the Saint—that would be altogether different."

"Monsieur the inspector disapproves of Saints?" Simon suggested gravely.

"I refer, monsieur, to the *nom de guerre* under which you are so widely known. I have read about your exploits. Your motives are popularly believed to be idealistic—but that is

not for me to judge. I only tell you that we want none of them here."

"What, no ideals—in the home of the *Police Judiciaire*?"

Quercy sighed. He gazed across his littered desk into the dancing blue eyes under quizzically tilted brows, and for a moment the lugubriousness in his own gaze was very deep and real. The sight of the tall, broad-shouldered figure sprawled with such impudent grace in his shabby armchair made a mockery of the conventional stiffness of the room.

"I mean," said Inspector Quercy patiently, "that if you, as an individual, acquire knowledge of any crime or criminals, we shall be glad to receive your information. But we do not allow private persons to take over the duties of the police. Still less do we permit anyone to administer his own interpretation of justice, as I hear you have sometimes claimed to do."

SIMON smiled. "I appreciate the warning," he murmured. "But the truth is, I did come here for the food, the wine and the pretty girls. I hadn't thought of giving you any trouble." The devil in him couldn't resist adding "—so far."

"Let it remain that way, monsieur. A vacation does everyone good."

Simon offered a cigarette, and struck a light for them both. "Now that I know how you feel about me," he remarked, "I suppose I ought to thank you for not trying to pin the

Rosepierre murder on me. It must have taken great restraint not to grab such a ready-made scapegoat."

He had been reading the story in a newspaper at breakfast. The body of a young man identified as Charles Rosepierre had been found murdered in the Bois de Boulogne, the spacious park adjacent to the most fashionable residential quarter of Paris.

There appeared to be no clue to the murderer, or even to the motive, for the victim was a respectable clerk in a shipping office, vouched for by his employers as honest and hard-working, and by his friends and associates as being sober and amiable and impossible to connect with any shady acquaintances.

He carried very little money, but he had not been robbed. He had left the office at the usual time on the day he died, apparently with no apprehensions, and it was understood that he was going to have dinner and call later on the girl he was courting; but he had not been seen since, until his body was found in the park.

No hint of a jealous rival was apparent, nor did anything in his open, commonplace life give any grounds to believe in a crime of passion; yet a passion of some weird kind must have been involved. For what lent the crime the eerie touch of horror that justified the space allotted to it in the press was the fact that, although he had died almost instantly from a knife stab in the heart, his head had been severed from his body *after he was dead*, and was found where it had presumably rolled, a few feet away.

"I might have thought of you," Quercy said, without the ghost of a smile, "if Rosepierre's body had not been found two hours before your plane landed at Orly. When he was killed and his head was being cut off, there is no doubt that you were half-way over the Atlantic."

"It was clever of me to arrive with a cast-iron alibi. You really have no ideas about how I could have faked it?"

"I am satisfied, monsieur, that it would be

John Bull Supplement—I

beyond even your powers," the inspector grunted. "You have not, perhaps, any more constructive suggestions about the mystery?"

"I read a detective story once with a decapitated body in it, in which the head was actually taken from an entirely different body, the object being to confuse the police—and no doubt the readers, too."

"The medical examination, in this case, proves positively that the head which was found did indeed belong to the body."

"A big part of your problem, then, seems to be to find an answer to why anyone who had already killed someone, for whatever reason, should afterwards take the trouble to cut off his head. It was not done to prevent identification, because the head was left there."

"Exactly."

They were interrupted by a knock on the door and an agent entered.

"Mademoiselle North est ici, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

"Good. I will see her at once. It is a sister of the murdered man," he explained to the Saint.

"Then why is her name North?"

"She was adopted as a child by an American family. It is quite a story," Quercy stood up. "But I must not detain you any longer." He held out his hand. "Amuse yourself well, Monsieur Templar, and remember what I have told you."

"I will do my best," said the Saint.

Her Mouth Was Wide— And Generous

He took a long look at the girl who was entering as he went out. She had softly waved black hair and clear brown eyes and a wide mouth which in happier circumstances, the Saint's instinct told him, could be generous in many ways.

Simon carried the image of her vividly in his mind as he retraced his way through the musty labyrinth of the upper floors and down the ancient winding stairway to the street. He stood at the gates of the courtyard for a few moments, indulging himself in indecision, and knowing all the time his decision was already made.

There was a pavement café on the other side of the boulevard. He crossed it and sat down at the table from which he could watch the entrance of the building he had just left.

And so, he reflected cheerfully, it was going to happen to him again.

It was true, as he had told Quercy, that he hadn't come to Paris with any intention of getting into trouble. He seldom went anywhere with the intention of getting into trouble. But trouble

had that disastrous propensity for getting into him. Although Quercy's warning had been most discreetly and even benevolently phrased, nevertheless it had the ingredients of a challenge. And the Saint had never found it easy to leave a challenge alone.

Even so, he might have been able to resist; but then he had seen the girl. It was harder still for him to leave a pretty girl.

The Saint ordered a *Suze*, paid for it at once so that he could leave at any moment, and waited.

An hour passed before she came out, and he got up and threaded his way nonchalantly through the traffic. She stood outside the Palais, looking hopefully up and down the street for a taxi, and Simon timed his crossing so that he arrived beside her as one came by, and their hands met on the door handle.

"Are You Connected With The Police?"

They looked at each other with the surprise, confusion, and incipient hostility normal to any two people caught in such a deadlock, the Saint playing his part exactly as if the accident was none of his making; and then he smiled.

"A photo finish," he said. "Shall we toss for it, or are we lucky enough to be going the same way?"

She smiled back—he had counted on the sound of a familiar accent to earn that.

"I'm going to my hotel—the George V."

"Mine too," said the Saint truthfully, although his answer would have been the same whatever she had said.

As the cab turned along the Quai des Grands Augustins, he knew she was looking at him more closely.

"Didn't I just see you in the detective's office?"

"I didn't think you noticed," he said. "But I saw you."

"Are you a reporter?"

He considered the possibilities of the rôle for an instant. "No."

"Are you connected with the police?"

Intuition, which had been whispering to him, raised its voice to a sure command. At this moment, in this situation, with this girl, the truth would gain him more than any fiction.

"My name is Simon Templar."

"The Saint."

She was one of those people whom he met all too seldom, who could hear his name and recognize its connotation without gasping, swooning or recoiling; and at first, he was glad to see, she received it even without fear. "The Saint," she said, looking at him with no more than ordinary curiosity; then something showed in her eyes.

"No," he said quickly, "I didn't

kill your brother. Even Quercy will vouch for that. He knows I was in an aeroplane over the Atlantic at the time."

She gave him a long look, and her face relaxed. "I was on the Atlantic, too. On a boat. I landed at Cherbourg this morning. A policeman was waiting for me at the George V."

He offered his condolences on the tragedy, and went on to personal matters. "Quercy had me in his office giving me a solemn warning to keep my nose clean while I'm here. So I just naturally have an unholy desire to make a monkey out of him. I like you. And your brother's case is the hottest thing on Quercy's blotter right now. If I could break it and hand him the pieces on a platter, it'd be a magnificent moment. Will you let me help you—if I can?"

Her straightforward dark eyes studied him for many seconds. She said: "Thank you. I'd like you to. But what can you do?"

"I may think of something. First, I've got to know everything you can tell me. May I take you to lunch?"

"Yes. But I've got to stop at the hotel first. They didn't even give me time to see my room."

In the lobby, while she was asking for her key, a man stepped up beside her at the desk, removed a rich black homburg with a slight flourish, and said: "Pardon, Miss North." He extended a card. Looking over her shoulder, Simon saw that it said "M. Georges Oliviant," with an address in St. Cloud.

"I wait for you all this morning," Oliviant said. "I am an old friend of your father. I try to meet the boat but I was unable to leave Paris because of business."

He was a stout man with a face that was unfortunately reminiscent of a well-fed rat, although the only fur on it was a carefully trimmed black moustache, the rest of the skin having that glossy pink patina which can only be produced by the best barbers. From the points of his polished shoes, up through his studiously tailored blue suit and studiously manicured fingernails, to the top of his pomaded head, he exuded an aroma of cologne and solid prosperity.

"This is quite a surprise," the girl was saying politely. "How did you know about me, and how did you find me so quickly?"

"I read about your trip in the newspapers," Oliviant said. "So of course I am waiting for you. I guess you come here."

She seemed to take the reference to a newspaper story on her trip so matter-of-factly that a tiny line creased between the Saint's brows. Her name had meant nothing to him, and he thought he was aware of most celebrities.

"Then you must have known my brother," the girl said.

"Alas, no. I am in Belgium on business, when I read the newspaper. It is the first I hear of you both since the war. However, I come to place myself at your service. Anything I can do. . . . You will, perhaps have lunch with me?"

The girl's eyes went to the Saint, and Simon made a faint negative movement with his head.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I've already promised. . . . May I introduce Mr. . . ."

"Tombs," said the Saint promptly, holding out his hand.

The same kind of impulse that made him introduce himself with complete candour to Valerie North now made him duck behind the alias which often afforded him a morbid amusement; but this time his inward smile vanished abruptly as Oliviant shook hands. From a man who looked like Oliviant, he had expected a fleshy and probably moist and limp contact; but the palm that touched his own was hard and rough like a labourer's.

Deep in the Saint's brain a little premonitory pulse began to beat, like a signal of some psychic Geiger counter; but his face was

The Saint timed it so that he and the girl claimed the same cab. "Are we lucky enough to be going the same way?" he asked



Casually, the Saint's hand went to his pocket—and out came a gun.

a mask of conventional amiability.

"Mr. Tombs," Oliviant repeated, like a man who made a practice of memorizing names. "Then perhaps both of you. . . ."

"I don't want to be rude," said the Saint firmly, "but my job depends on this exclusive interview. I'm a pressman."

"I am desolate," Oliviant said. He turned to the girl. "For cock-tails, then, perhaps. I look forward so much to this meeting."

"Excuse me," said the Saint.

He strolled across the lobby to the little news-stand and bought a guide book with a shiny stiff paper cover. He wiped the cover briskly with his handkerchief and walked back, holding the book by one corner, to where M. Oliviant was taking his talkative leave of Valerie North.

"I come, then, at five o'clock. I have so much to tell you about your poor father, and what he does for us in the Resistance before the Gestapo take him. . . . To think I have not seen you since you were such a little girl!"

"I'll look forward to it," said the girl self-consciously, letting her hand be kissed, and looked at the Saint. "May I run upstairs just for a minute and see my room before we go?"

"Of course."

As she left, Simon showed M. Oliviant his book, holding it in such a way that the other was practically forced to take it.

"M. Oliviant, would you say this was any good?"

A Man Of Many Affairs

Oliviant took the book and thumbed perfunctorily through a few pages. "It is probably quite helpful, Mr. Tombs. Do you work here all the time?"

"No, this is a special assignment."

"Ah. I hope you make a good story."

"At least it's a chance to travel," said the Saint conversationally. "But I don't suppose that means much to you. From what you were saying it sounds as if you spent most of your time doing it. What sort of business are you in?"

"I have many affairs," Oliviant said impressively, and seemed to think that was an adequate answer. He held out the book, and Simon took it back again by the corner.

Oliviant extended his hand briskly. "It has been a pleasure. Au revoir, Mr. Tombs."

The Saint watched him go, with

the sensation of that inappropriately calloused hand lingering on his fingers; and then he turned to the *concierge* and asked for a large envelope, into which he slid his newly acquired guide-book, being careful not to touch the book again except by one corner.

Valerie and the Saint had lunch in the tiny downstairs room of the Restaurant Chataignier. They sat sniffing the savoury bouquet of its incomparable *homard au buerre* rising from the plates in front of them, while the chef and proprietor himself uncorked a bottle of cool *rosé*.

"Tell me," said the Saint, "as the most ignorant reporter in this town, what put you in the news? I mean, even before anything happened to your brother."

"It sounds silly," said Valerie North, "but I was on one of the radio quiz programmes. I happened to know who painted the Mona Lisa and the prize I won was a free trip to Europe. They asked me what I planned to do with it, and I said it'd give me a chance I'd always hoped for to get to know my brother."

"It does sound a little unusual," Simon admitted. "Haven't you ever met?"

"Not since we were kids. We were born and lived here, till 1940, when the Germans were advancing on Paris. I was too young to remember much about it, but everyone was very frightened, and my father said we must go away. He wouldn't go himself, but he sent us with the wife of a neighbour—my mother died when we were very young. Somewhere on the road we were strafed by a plane, and the woman was killed. Charles and I went on alone."

"Was he older or younger than you?"

"Two years older. But we were both children. Somehow, presently, we got separated. I just went on, helplessly, with the stream of refugees who were trudging away. I was picked up by an American couple who'd also been caught in the blitz. They took me to Bordeaux, and then afterwards to America. They were sweet people—they still are—and they hadn't any children, and they treated me like their own. Later on, they were able to find out somehow that my father had died in a concentration camp. They adopted me, and I took their name."

"Who was your father?"

"All I know about him is his name, Eli Rosepierre, and that he was some sort of working jeweller."

The Saint paused with his glass





He pointed it at Olivant. "We prefer not to be drugged," he said, "All we want is the medallion"

half-way to his lips. "Was he Jewish?"

"I think so."

"Rosepierre," he observed. "Of course, the name Eli fixes it. Now I get the Rosepierre. A literal translation of Rosenstein. I wonder. . . . He must have been very brave or very foolish to stay here with the Nazis coming. Was he rich?"

"I don't think so. As far as I can remember we lived in an ordinary decent way, not poverty-stricken and not specially luxurious."

"But it's at least a possibility." "What difference does it make? Whatever he had, the Nazis must have confiscated."

"If they could find it."

"I suppose," she said, "you're looking for a motive?"

"There must be one. And I've got to find it."

He Saw It—By A Miracle

She watched him sub-dividing the last succulent pieces of lobster with loving regret.

"When did you locate your brother again?" he asked.

"Only a few months ago. The Norths had tried from time to time, without any luck. Last winter I thought I'd try just once more on my own. I had an advertisement translated into French and sent it to all the Paris newspapers. By a miracle, he saw it. We exchanged letters and snapshots. He'd thought I was probably dead, too. And then, when I won that prize on the radio, it seemed as if everything was set for a real Hollywood ending."

"I can see why that story would get into the papers," said the Saint thoughtfully. "And after that, anyone with an interest in the Rosepierre family, whether they read advertisements or not, would know a good deal about both of you."

"I suppose so."

"Are you reasonably sure that this Charles Rosepierre was your brother?"

Valerie stared at him. "He must have been. . . . I mean, he seemed to remember the same things that I did. And people here knew him by that name, didn't they? And there's quite a resemblance—look!"

She took out her wallet and extracted a photograph which she passed to him. It showed a dark, rather delicate-featured young man with an engaging smile. Simon dispassionately compared it, detail by detail, with the face of the girl opposite him.

"There's a great likeness," he

conceded finally. "It's probably true. I was only groping in the dark."

"Here's another thing." She was fumbling in her purse again, and she withdrew a small round medallion. "My father gave it to me just before he sent us away. He gave Charles one, too. And Charles mentioned it in his first letter answering my advertisement. He said he still had his and he wondered if I still had mine."

"That's pretty convincing." Simon took the piece of silver and looked at it, and a slight frown of puzzlement began to wrinkle his forehead.

"But if he was Jewish," he said, "why a Saint Christopher medal?"

She shrugged. "Maybe he hoped it would bluff the Gestapo if they caught us."

"Or maybe," said the Saint in a far-away voice, "it was just the handiest thing in the shop."

She gazed at him blankly, while he examined the medal more closely and turned it over, half hoping to find some inscription on the back. But on the back was only a little quarter-inch indented square, much like a hallmark, except that the indentation was filled only with what looked like a cuneiform pattern of microscopic scratches which conveyed nothing to the keenest eye.

And yet, for the first time, the darkness in which he had been groping did not seem so dark.

He was very silent while they finished the meal and the wine, so that by the time he called for the bill the girl was fidgeting with understandable impatience.

"May I keep this just for a few hours?" he said at last, and dropped the medallion into his pocket without waiting for her permission.

"Have you thought of anything?" she asked.

He stood up. "A lot of things. But I don't want to raise any false excitement until I've got facts to go on."

He walked with her to the Boulevard Raspail, the nearest thoroughfare where they would be likely to find taxis, and only his quiet air of being so absolutely certain of what he was doing forced her to control her exasperation.

"I'm telling the driver to take you to the Place Vendôme," he said as he opened the door of the first cab. "You'll find dozens of fascinating shops in all directions from there, which will keep you amused until your feet hurt. At five o'clock, wherever you are, grab another taxi and tell him to take you to a restaurant called

Carrère, in the rue Pierre Charron. Will you repeat that?" She did so. "I'll meet you there at the bar. Until then you must not on any account go back to the George V."

"But why not?"

"Because as long as you're just wandering around the town the killer isn't likely to bump into you. At the hotel he knows where to find you. And I like your head where it is."

Her eyes grew big and round. "You don't think it could happen to me?"

"I'll answer that when I know why it happened to your brother. Meanwhile, don't take any chances."

"Remember, I promised to meet that Mr. Olivant at five thirty."

"I want to be around when you do it. That's what I'm talking about," he said cryptically, and closed the door.

On a narrow street near the Odéon he found, unchanged as if the German occupation had only ended yesterday, a little stationery and bookshop which in those days would have earned a spot-promotion for any Gestapo officer who had uncovered its secrets.

Simon Templar went in and stood browsing over the titles on the shelves, while the jangling of the vociferous little bell died away into silence. He heard a shuffle of footsteps at the back of the shop, and a voice that he recognized said courteously: "Bonjour, m'sieu."

A Friend Of The Resistance

The Saint said in French: "Do you have, by chance, a copy of the poems of François Villon?"

There was an instant's pause, and then the proprietor's eyes were sparkling. He grasped Simon by the elbows. "Mon cher Saint!"

"Mon cher Antoine!"

They fell into an embrace. "It is so many years, my dear friend, since I have heard that password!"

They held each other off at arm's length, and the years fell away between them. And as Simon laughed in the face of Antoine Louvois it was heart-warming for him to remember that this frail-looking grey man had been the redoubtable Colonel Eglantine of the *maquis*, whose exploits had shaken the Gestapo.

"What brings you back, mon cher ami?" Louvois asked. "We shall have much to talk about."

"Another time, Antoine. This afternoon I am in a hurry."

"Is there anything I can do?" "Was there in the Resistance

a man named Georges Olivant?"

"What is he like?"

Simon described him.

"There were so many," Louvois said, "and under so many names. I do not recall him myself. I can make inquiries."

"On the other hand, he may just as well have been a traitor."

"There were many of them, also, and many of them also have thought it wise to change their names. But that might be a little easier to trace."

Simon put down the envelope which he still carried, into which he had put the guide-book with the conveniently shiny cover which Olivant had handled.

"On the cover of this book," he said, "are the finger-prints of this man. But cut off the top left-hand corner, which has my own prints."

"That will make it very easy if his prints are on record."

"You still have friends at the *Préfecture*?"

"Naturally."

"I do not want this to become known to Inspector Quercy, of the *Police Judiciaire*. There is a personal reason."

"Entendu. He will know nothing about it."

The Saint fingered the medallion in his pocket. "There is one other thing I can do while you are gone," he said. "Do you have an accommodating friend who is a doctor, who would have a microscope that I can use for a few minutes?"

"I can find one. Let me telephone first."

Louvois retired to the back of the shop and returned in a few minutes with a name and address written on a slip of paper.

"It is all arranged. He is expecting you."

"Thank you, Antoine. I will come back and wait for you. *A tout à l'heure.*"

"*A tout à l'heure.*"

Simon walked to the address, which was only a few minutes away. The doctor, a taciturn man with an old-fashioned spade beard, showed him directly into a small laboratory and left him there, asking no questions except whether the Saint knew how to operate the microscope and whether he required anything else.

The Saint placed the St. Christopher medal face down on the platform, centred the square indentation on the back under the objective, and aimed the light on it.

As he adjusted the focus, the pattern of almost invisible scratches sprang to his eye as legibly as a page of print.

He read the words so painstakingly engraved there, and then he lighted a cigarette and sat back on the stool and knew the answers to many questions, while pictures formed for him in the drifting smoke. . . .

He saw old Eli Rosepierre in his workshop, knowing that the Germans were coming, and too proud or too disheartened to run away; but wanting to save his children, and wanting to give them something that the invaders could not touch. And knowing that the children were too young to be relied upon to understand or to remember anything he might tell them about the modest wealth that was still secure. . . .

Simon saw the old man working through the night with aching eyes, carving the most important achievement of his engraver's art. The etching of the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin was a mere abstract diversion by comparison. This was his testament. On a medallion, because it was most indestructible; of St. Christopher, because it might disarm racial persecutors, and because it might be treasured more carefully—as indeed it had been. . . .

The Saint took out the slip of paper with the doctor's address and copied down the words from the medal on the other side, writing underneath the English translation.

There was only one weakness in Eli Rosepierre's ingenious idea. Why would his children ever have been likely to discover the minute engravings on the backs of their good-luck medals?

And in the next flash, Simon knew the answer to that one, too. There must have been someone whom Eli Rosepierre trusted, to whom Rosepierre had given an

inkling of his scheme, whom Rosepierre had charged to find the children again, if it were ever possible, and tell them what to look for.

Olivant.

Simon thanked the doctor, who still asked no questions, and went back to Louvois's little *papeterie*. He paced up and down the street and almost wore himself out before the old guerrilla fighter returned. But the springy gait of the retired *maquisard* gave him the answer before Louvois spoke.

"We have success, *mon cher!*"

Louvois insisted on unlocking the door and entering the shop before he would say any more.

"The finger-prints are those of one Georges Orival, *mon cher* Saint. He was a collaboratorist, and for that he was sentenced to fifteen years in prison."

"He has escaped, or more probably been released," said the Saint. "And he is looking very prosperous under the name of Georges Olivant."

"No doubt he had plenty of blood money hidden away before they caught him."

"He is now preparing to collect a lot more."

Louvois stroked his chin meditatively. "Perhaps that can be prevented. There are still many of us who do not think that imprisonment was enough."

"*Ne t'en fais pas,*" said the Saint. "His goose is practically cooked already. I personally guarantee it. I must go now and take care of him, but as soon as this is finished we must have our reunion."

"There's Been A Burglar Here!"

To his relief, although he had consciously tried to reassure himself that he had nothing to worry about, Valerie North was waiting at the bar of the Carrère, as he had instructed her. He paid the cab, and ordered a Martini to keep her company while she finished hers, but he would not talk even though the bar was deserted at that hour.

As soon as they had finished, he steered her down the street to the Avenue George V, and turned her quickly into the George V Apartments, just before the hotel entrance. They rode up to her floor in the lift, and he piloted her expertly through the connecting passage to the hotel section.

"This should fool anyone who's expecting you to use the hotel lobby," he said.

He found a chambermaid to open the door for them with a pass key. Inside, Valerie stopped short. The room was a shambles. Her two suitcases were open, the contents strewn about.

For a moment she was too astonished to speak. "There's been a burglar here!" she cried at last. She ran aimlessly about, rummaging among her disordered effects.

"Don't get excited," he murmured. "I don't think there's any harm done that a little ironing won't fix. The burglar was after this." He held out the St. Christopher medal.

She took it, and stared at him. "I don't understand," she said.

"What's it all about?"

"Turn that medal over."

She did so.

"You see that little square impression in the back? I put it under a microscope this afternoon. There's fine engraving in it. Here's a copy that you can read."

He gave her the scrap of paper on which he had written down the inscription and its translation. While she looked at it, he cleared a space on the bed and sat down and lighted a cigarette.

She read:

I, Eli Rosepierre, bequeath to the bearer, of whom this shall be sufficient identification, one half of the 50,000 dollars which I have on deposit at the Chase National Bank, New York.

Eli Rosepierre.

"You see," he said, "you're moderately rich. Your father was lucky enough to have some assets that the Nazis couldn't reach."

Her face was a study. "Then Charles's medal—"

"Must have been a duplicate of



The Saint followed Valerie into the room. She stopped short, staring at the shambles. For a moment she was too astonished to speak

that one, leaving him the other half."

She sank unsteadily into the nearest chair, ignoring the clothes which she crushed underneath her. After a full minute, she said: "But where is the other medal now?"

"I expect your brother's murderer has it. You see, Valerie, your father entrusted at least part of his secret to a friend whom he trusted, named Georges Orival. But Orival turned collaborator, and after the war he was tried and imprisoned. He only recently got out, and he hasn't wasted much time. He introduced himself to you as Georges Oliviant."

"Oliviant!"

"Oliviant Is An Obvious Phoney"

"Apart from his obvious phony-ness," said the Saint, "I knew I had something when I shook hands with him. He looks like one of the idle rich, but he has corns on his hands like a labourer. He didn't get them from pottering about in his garden. He's been doing several years' hard labour."

The girl's hand shook a little as she accepted a cigarette.

"And he's waiting for me downstairs! We must tell the police!"

"Not yet. We still haven't got enough evidence for a murder charge against him. And we still want that other medal. So we're going to meet him just as if you didn't know anything."

"I couldn't."

Simon Templar gazed down at her with level blue eyes in which the steel was barely discernible.

"You must, Valerie. And you must go along with anything I say, no matter how absurd it sounds. You said you'd let me help you. I haven't done badly so far, have I? You've got to let me finish the job."

M. Georges Oliviant folded the evening paper he had been reading and tucked it into his pocket. "It says here," he said, "the police have learnt nothing new about the tragedy of your brother. But do not fear. They are very persistent. Soon, I am sure, they will have the clue."

"They know more than they're

saying for publication," Simon remarked. "They told me so."

Oliviant turned to him. "So you have talked with them?"

"And I've got a few leads of my own. The motive for the murder is known, at least."

"So?"

Simon took a leisureed taste of his cocktail. "Miss North's father—and the father of Charles Rosepierre—had a nice little fortune in a New York bank. He made a will leaving it equally between them. A rather unique kind of will. It was engraved in microscopic letters on the backs of two St. Christopher medals, one of which he gave to each of the children. Miss North's medal has already been deciphered. Here's a copy of the inscription."

He gave Oliviant the scrap of paper, and tasted his drink again while the man read it.

The girl's knee touched his inadvertently, under the crowded table, and he felt it tremble. He tried to quiet her with a comforting pressure of his own.

He had to admit that Oliviant was good. The man's face did not change colour.

"It is amazing!" Oliviant ejaculated. "It must be, as you say, unique. . . . So, of course, poor Charles was killed to steal his copy! But it brings one no closer to the identity of the murderer."

"I've got ideas of my own on that score."

Oliviant's eyebrows rose. "So?"

"I've been talking to a fellow who used to be a big shot in the underground. We've got a hunch that there's some connection with a friend of Rosepierre's—a friend who may have betrayed him to the Gestapo."

For the first time Simon saw the crawl of fear beneath Oliviant's sleek surface. It was no more than an infinitesimal twitch, instantly smothered; but it was all that he needed.

"It is horrible to think about," Oliviant said. He turned to the girl. "Your father was such a wonderful man. Everyone love him."

"My Resistance friend thinks he has an idea of the man we want," said the Saint. "Anyway, he's making inquiries."

Oliviant picked up his glass and

drained it, and wiped his mouth.

"I hope with all my heart that he succeeds," he said. "But we make Miss North upset again with this talk. I see it. Instead to remind her of her poor father and her poor brother, we should try to make her forget a little. . . . Now, I have the idea. I have my car. Tonight it would be nice to drive out to St. Cloud, to my house, where we have a nice dinner, and perhaps help ourselves to feel better."

Valerie looked at the Saint desperately, but Oliviant might have been anticipating the glance.

"Of course," he said. "If Mr. Tombs is not engaged, I am most happy if he come also."

"I think that's a fine idea," the Saint said.

They drove with Oliviant at the wheel of a glistening new car, all three of them pressed together in the front seat, so that Simon could feel the rigidity of the girl's body against him shaken by an occasional shiver, and he knew that Oliviant must have felt it, too, though the man chattered incessantly about nothing and Simon did his best to help keep the conversational ball rolling.

Once, Oliviant broke off in the middle of a sentence and said: "Are you nervous, Miss North? Believe me, I drive most careful."

"I guess I'm just over-tired," she said. "Or else I'm catching a chill." She shivered and leant closer to the Saint.

"About those medals, Valerie," he said. "Your father didn't just give them to you and your brother to put in your pockets, did he? How were you supposed to wear them?"

"They were on silver chains," she said expressionlessly. "He must have riveted them, or welded them, or something. At least, I know mine had no catch that you could undo, and it was too small to come off over my head. I wore it day and night for years. Finally, when I got older I had to have the chain cut, because I had other necklaces I wanted to wear, and I couldn't wear that one always."

Simon drew a deep breath. "That's the last answer," he said

softly. "That explains everything. Of course, he had to take the least possible risk of your losing them. And because your brother didn't have to bother about other necklaces, he never had his chain cut. He was wearing it when he was killed. . . ."

"And all the murderer had was a knife. People don't normally carry wire-cutters, or a hacksaw, or a file, when they set out to commit a straightforward murder. It hadn't occurred to him that the chain wouldn't unfasten. And it was too strong for him to break with his hands, and too small to take off over the head. So the only way he could take it, on the spot, was to—"

"No!" the girl cried out shudderingly, and buried her face in her hands.

The car seemed to swerve a trifle.

"I am ashamed for you," Oliviant said harshly. "How can you hurt Miss North like this?"

"I'm sorry," said the Saint.

But he wasn't, for the answer to that question, the mystery of why Charles Rosepierre's head had been hacked off after he was dead, had to be known.

And he knew now, and there were no more questions. With certainty there came a lowering kind of peace.

Dinner Guests At St. Cloud

Oliviant's house was not large, but it stood well back in what appeared to be moderately spacious grounds, which looked overgrown and unkempt, about halfway up the hill from the river. The interior was sombre and smelled damp, as if it had lacked warmth of human occupancy for a long time. Simon was sure that it had.

Oliviant ushered them into the heavily furnished drawing-room and turned, rubbing his hands. He seemed to have recovered his overpowering confidence, and his smile was fat and expansive.

"Now," he said, "we are going to be happy. What will you have? A cocktail? Sherry? I make you a

drink and then I make dinner. I have no servant tonight, but I am a very good chef."

"Living all alone and liking it, eh?" said the Saint mildly.

"Yes. Tonight it is just us."

Simon put out his cigarette. He could enjoy the full flavour of the situation as well as anyone, but he knew that there were occasions when to prolong the enjoyment for epicurean reasons alone could complicate it with unnecessary and unjustifiable risks. He put a hand into his coat pocket as if reaching for another packet of cigarettes, but it came out with a stubby blue-black automatic.

"In that case, we won't put you to a lot of trouble, Monsieur Orival," he said pleasantly. "Besides which, we prefer not to be drugged or poisoned, whichever you had in mind. All we want is Charles Rosepierre's medallion."

"Are you crazy, Templar?"

The Saint smiled. "I see you know my real name," he murmured. "I thought you would. It was a little harder for me to get yours, but your finger-prints on that guidebook were a big help."

The man's face had turned red at first, but now the blood was draining out of it, leaving it grey.

"My name is Oliviant. This is an outrage!"

"It's going to be a worse one," said the Saint cheerfully, "if we don't get the medal. I'm sure it's either in your pocket or in this house somewhere. Will you hand it over, or shall I shoot you in the stomach and look for it myself?"

Oliviant licked his lips. "It is in my safe," he said at last. "Behind that picture."

"Go and get it."

Orival dragged his steps to the painting and lifted it off the wall. Behind it was a small steel door. He manipulated the dial, and the door opened. He reached in.

He should not have been so conventional as to turn around with a gun in his hand. Simon, expecting it, ducked. Orival's one shot went wide, but the Saint's did not.

Then the french windows burst open, and Inspector Quercy entered.

The Saint Is Tempted

"Enfin," Quercy said stolidly, when the facts that he did not know had been told to him. "Miss North has both medals, and she should be able to claim the inheritance without too much difficulty. And we have this *canaille*, but not in the condition that the State would have preferred." He prodded the body of Orival, alias Oliviant, with his foot, and signed to the two uniformed men who had followed him in. "Remove it."

"The State ought to thank me," said the Saint, "for saving you the expense of a trial and execution."

"It's lucky for you," Quercy said, "that I saw what happened and know that you fired in self-defence. We have, of course, been following Miss North all day, to see if the murderer might approach her. You see, we are not quite so stupid and useless as you would like to make us."

Valerie North said, "I hope you won't hold it against him. He's done so much for me. I'm afraid he'd never let me pay him, but I don't want him to get in trouble."

"He has an irresistible advocate in you, mademoiselle," Quercy said gallantly.

Simon glanced surreptitiously at the open safe, and then at the windows through which the two agents had just disappeared with their unlamented burden.

"By the way," he said, "just to complete the record, I think Orival still had the murder knife in his pocket."

"Yes, we shall need that for the police museum."

Quercy hurried out after his men. He was back in a few minutes, shaking his head. "For once you were mistaken, Monsieur le Saint. It is not on him."

Simon shrugged. "Well, I suppose he got rid of it."

"It is not very important."

Simon Templar agreed. What was important, to him, was that in those few minutes he had been able to transfer the negotiable contents of the late Georges Orival's safe to his own pockets. He caught the girl's eye but she said nothing, and he knew that her sense of humour was coming back.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SHOWELL



2. ROME

The Latin Touch

THE city of Rome, according to legend, is built upon the spot where the twin sons of Mars, Romulus and Remus (by a Vestal who must have been somewhat less than virgin) were suckled by a maternally minded she-wolf; and there were bitter men in the police departments of many countries who would have said that that made it a very appropriate city for Simon Templar to gravitate into, even today.

But they would have been thinking of him as a wolf in terms of his predatory reputation rather than the kind which whistles at the sight of a modern Vestal, virtuous or not.

The Saint was too well-mannered for such crude compliments, but the girl he was watching, outside the Colosseum, could have been no stranger to them. From the top of her close-cropped, curly golden head, down through her slim, shapely figure and long, slender legs to her thoroughbred ankles, she was balm to the Saint's eyes. Also, to increase Simon's keen sense of pleasurable trouble, she was in distress. She was engaged in a losing argument with the beetle-browed driver of the carriage from which she had just alighted.

"But I made the same trip yesterday," she was protesting indignantly, "and it was only two hundred lire!"

"One thousand lire," insisted the driver. "You give me one thousand lire, please, signora. Data da right-a fare."

It was all the opening that Simon could have asked. He strolled up beside the girl.

"Where did you take him from?" he asked.

A pair of level grey eyes sized him up and accepted him gratefully. "From the Excelsior." Simon turned to the driver. "Scusi," he said pleasantly, "ma lei scherza? The fare cannot be one thousand lire."

"Mille lire," said the driver obdurately. "It is the legal fare." He waved his whip in the direction of three or four other unemployed *carrozze* parked expectantly in the shade of the Arch of Constantine. "Ask any other driver," he suggested boldly.

"I prefer a more impartial witness," said the Saint with imperturbable good humour. He reached out for the blanket that was neatly draped over the seat beside the driver, and flipped it back with a slight flourish. It disclosed a conventional taxi-meter which should have been in plain sight of the passenger seat.

Simon's pointing finger drew the girl's eyes to the figures on it. "One hundred and ninety lire," he said. "I'd give exactly that, and forget the tip. It may teach him a lesson, although I doubt it."

The coachman's unblinking expostulations, accompanied by some scandalous reflections on their ancestry and probable relationship, followed them as the Saint drew her tactfully through the arches and out of earshot.

"All the carriages in Rome have meters, just like a taxi," he explained easily. "But there isn't one of them that doesn't have a blanket artistically draped over it, so that you'd never think it was there unless you knew about it. The driver can't lose, and with the average tourist he usually wins. It's brought the country almost as many dollars as the Marshall Plan."

"I'm the original innocent," she said ruefully. "This is my first trip abroad. Do you live here? You speak Italian as if you did."

"No, but I've been around."

A seedy-looking character wearing the typical emblem of his fraternity, a two-days' growth of beard, sidled up to them.

"You want a guide?" he suggested. "I tell you all about the

Colosseum. This is where they had the circus. Lions and Christians."

"I know all about it," said the Saint. "In a previous incarnation I was Nero's favourite clown." He went into a long and complex historical fantasy, buttonholing the guide, who, after a few moments of incredulous disgust, took himself off, cursing bitterly.

The girl tried to stop giggling. "Do you really know anything about it?" she asked. "It makes me wish I'd paid more attention to Latin when I was in school. But I never got much beyond *Omnia Gallia in tres partes divisa est*."

"De Gaulle is divided in three parties," he translated brightly. "I wonder if the American State Department knows about that."

She shot him a sudden sharp glance which he did not understand at the time. It made him think that he was over-doing the flippancy, and he didn't want to spoil such a heaven-sent beginning.

He said, gazing across the arena: "I don't care about knowing a lot of dull statistics about it. I just try to imagine it as it was before it began to fall apart. Those tiers with nothing but seats like rows of steps, right up to the top, full of excited, blood-thirsty people. The arena baking in the same sun that's on it now."

"It's so much smaller than I thought it would be."

"It's bigger than it looks. You could put a football field in the middle and have plenty of room to run around."

"But the bottom—it's all cut up into sort of dungeons."

"They probably were. Locker rooms for the gladiators, cells for the Christians, dens for the wild beasts. . . . I wonder how many people have come up blinking into this same sunlight that we're seeing, and these stones were the last thing they ever saw?"

Simon talked on, wholly enjoying the company of the refreshingly lovely girl whom a buccaneer's luck had thrown into his life.

That is why he was completely astounded to realize, in the split second of pain and coruscating lights before unconsciousness rolled over him, that someone had come up behind and hit him on the head.

A Wooden Bunk, A Barred Window

He had to repeat the steps of realization, laboriously, as the blackness slowly dissolved again. His first impression was that he had simply passed out, and he thought hazily of sunstroke, but he couldn't believe that a little sun could do that to him. Then, as a focal point in his skull began to assert itself with painful throbbing, that last instant of awareness came back to him in a flash. He struggled up and opened his eyes.

He was not on the ground, but on a wooden bunk that was almost as hard. There was stone around him, but not the mouldering stones of the Colosseum: these were modern blocks, trimly morticed. A door made of iron bars. And the only evidence of sun was a little light that came through a barred window high above his head.

He was in jail.

He dragged himself to his feet, mastering a desire to vomit, and stumbled to the door. Holding on to the bars, he called out: "Hey! Hallo there!"

Ponderous footsteps clumped deliberately along the passage, and a turnkey came in sight.

"What am I doing here?" Simon demanded in Italian.

The man surveyed him unfeelingly. "Aspetto," he said, and went away again.

Simon sat down on the hard

cot and held his head in his hands, fighting to clear the cobwebs out of it. Presently there were footsteps again, brisker and more numerous. Simon looked up and found the jailer unlocking the door.

It opened to admit a small delegation. First, in a kind of inverted order of precedence, came a burly police sergeant in uniform. After him came a superior officer in plain clothes, who was slight and rather dapper, but just as obviously a policeman. It was the third man, for whom they made way only after they had apparently satisfied themselves that the Saint's attitude was not violent, who brought his eyes wide open.

He was a tall, iron-grey man with a scholarly stoop, most formally dressed in swallow-tail coat and striped trousers, even carrying white gloves and silk hat; and Simon recognized him at once. Several million other people would have made the same startled recognition, for Mr. Hudson Inverest was not exactly an international nonentity.

"Mr. Templar, Where Is My Daughter?"

"Well," said the Saint somewhat incredulously, "this is certainly a new high in service. I know the United States Secretary of State is technically responsible for people who get into trouble abroad, but I didn't expect you to bail me out in person."

"You know who I am?" Inverest said matter-of-factly.

The Saint smiled. "I've seen you in enough news pictures, caricatures—and television. Now I remember reading about you being here on an official visit. It's really very thoughtful of you to be around at this moment."

The Secretary stared at him grimly over the top of his glasses.

"Mr. Templar, what do you know about my daughter? Where is she?"

Simon Templar's eyebrows rose a little and drew together. "Your daughter? I didn't even know you had one."

The uniformed sergeant started a threatening gesture, but the plainclothes man checked it with an almost imperceptible movement of his hand.

"My daughter Sue," Inverest said.

"A willowy blonde?" Simon said slowly. "With short curly hair and grey eyes?"

"You were with her at the Colosseum—just before she was kidnapped."

It all clicked in the Saint's recuperating mind, with a blind and devastating simplicity—even to a reaction of hers which had puzzled him at the time.

"I was talking to a girl like that," he said. "I'd just made some silly crack about the State Department, and I noticed she took it in a rather funny way. But I hadn't the faintest idea who she was. And then I got slugged over the head myself. If there were any witnesses they must have seen that."

"That was seen," said the plainclothes man. "But it did not explain why you were with her."

Simon turned to the Secretary. "Mr. Inverest, I never saw your daughter before in my life. I didn't have the faintest idea who she was. I just happened to meet her outside the Colosseum. She was having an argument with a cab driver who was trying to overcharge her. I helped her out, and we went into the place together. We went on talking, naturally. And then I was conked on the head. That's all I know."

"There were two others," said the superior policeman impartially. "After they knocked out Mr. Templar, they grabbed Miss Inverest and rushed her out to a car which was waiting outside. I think, your Excellency, that if you give us a little time alone with Mr. Templar, we may persuade him to tell us who they were and how he arranged to—as you say—put the finger on your daughter."

The Secretary waved him down

impatiently. "Mr. Templar is to be released at once."

"Your Excellency must be joking."

"I demand it in the name of the Government of the United States. There is no reasonable charge that can be brought against him."

"But—but a man of his reputation—"

Inverest's level grey eyes, oddly reminiscent of his daughter's, searched the Saint's face over his spectacle rims with the same detached appraisal that the girl had given it. "Inspector Buono," he said, "Mr. Templar is rumoured to have considerable disregard for the law, but there are no actual charges of law-breaking pending against him in my country. His notoriety, as I understand it, comes from his reprehensible habit of taking the law into his own hands. But it is well known that he is a relentless enemy of criminals. I cannot think of anyone who would be less likely to have any part of such a crime as this. *O si sic omnes!*"

It was a quaintly professorial and almost pedantic speech, even to the Latin quotation at the end, of the type that frequently made Mr. Inverest an easy butt for the more ribald type of political heckling; but his handling of it gave it an austere dignity.

Inspector Buono shrugged helplessly.

They went into an office. The Saint's personal belongings were returned and a paper was drawn up.

"Your Excellency will have to sign this," Buono said, with ill-concealed disapproval. "I have to protect myself. And I hope your Excellency knows what he is doing."

"I accept full responsibility," Inverest said, taking out his pen.

Simon watched the signature with the feeling of being at an international conference.

He lighted a cigarette. He had almost forgotten the throbbing in his head, and his brain was starting to feel normal again.

"How was it that your daughter was going around on her own without any kind of protection?" he asked. "Or does that question embarrass Inspector Buono?"

"A special escort was provided for Miss Inverest," Buono said coldly. "But she gave them the

slip. Deliberately, I am told. Miss Inverest does not care for escorts."

Inverest took off his spectacles and rubbed his eyes. The small movement was the first break in his spartan self-control.

"Does the name Mick Unciello mean anything to you?" he asked Simon.

"I read all the crime news," said the Saint, with a slight smile. "He ran a mob in the mid-west. He was sentenced to the chair some time ago."

"His final appeal to the Supreme Court was rejected last week. . . . Perhaps you also remember the name Tony Unciello?"

"Yes. He was in the same syndicate. Wasn't he deported some time ago?"

"He was. He is, of course, the elder brother of Mick. And he is here in Italy."

"I see," said the Saint quietly.

"Nothing can save Mick Unciello's life now except the personal intervention of the President," Inverest said in his dry, schoolmasterish voice. "That, of course, is unthinkable. But it may be quite another matter to convince Tony that my influence would not be enough to bring it about. I've already had a telephone call from a person claiming to be Tony Unciello, and I have no reason to doubt its authenticity. He said that unless Mick Unciello was reprieved, Sue would die, too, but more slowly."

Simon Templar drew at his cigarette. His eyes turned to the sleek inspector. "But if it's as open as all that," he said, "why haven't you picked up Tony Unciello?"

"Everyone's Scared, No One Will Talk"

"It is not so easy," Buono said stonily. "We are looking for him, of course, but it is not a simple matter of going to his apartment. He is hiding."

"And you haven't any idea where to look?"

"It is not made easy for us," the policeman said.

"What Inspector Buono isn't saying," Inverest put in, "is that the Unciellos are both members of the Mafia. Tony himself is reputed to be one of the very top men. Perhaps you don't know



He had no time to see his attacker. There was just a sudden, blinding pain—and then he fell, unconscious



Unciello sat like a great frog as Sue was brought in. Simon saw the shock in her grey eyes

what a stranglehold that terrorist secret society has on this country. Nobody knows how many members there are, but at least three-quarters of the population are scared to death of them. No one will talk."

The Saint took another long drag at his cigarette. "Just the same," he said, "I think I know how to find him."

It was as if he had tossed a grenade into the room. Hudson Inverest stiffened where he sat. Inspector Buono made one sharp jerky movement and then froze. "Do you mean you know more about this than you've told us?" Inverest said.

Simon nodded. "Funny things happen when you're knocked out," he said. "I didn't black out all at once. My eyes must have gone on working for several seconds. Now it's suddenly all come back. . . . I know I can find Tony Unciello."

"I Will Tell You— In Private"

"What did you see?" Buono demanded.

Simon looked him in the eyes. "That I shall keep to myself—until I've found Tony. I don't think it'll take very long."

"That is absurd!" Buono cried. "I insist that you tell us how you propose to do this!"

The Saint turned to Inverest. "I will tell you, sir, in private, and let you be the judge. But I'm quite sure you'll agree with me. You see, what I know has some really shocking political complications."

In the special room which had been placed at his disposal in the American Embassy, the Secretary of State dropped his hat and gloves on the desk. "Well, Mr. Templar," he said, "you've placed me in a most peculiar position. Unless you have something extraordinary up your sleeve, I might well deserve to be impeached. All that talk of yours about international complications, of course, was arrant nonsense."

"Yes," said the Saint, easily. "After what you said about the Mafia I couldn't take any chances. Not even in police headquarters."

"That's understood," Inverest said brusquely. "I took the risk of backing you up. But what is it that you know?"

"Nothing," Hudson Inverest's features twitched. He sank slowly into a chair.

"I'm sorry," the Saint said. "I was knocked cold on the spot, and that was the end of it. But," he went on quickly, "nobody knows that except you and me."

Inverest clasped his hands together as if to steady them. "Go on."

"If there's a leak in the police department," said the Saint, "so much the better. It'll make the story that much more convincing

when it gets to Tony. But we're not going to gamble on that chance alone. I want you to call in your public relations boys and tell them to see that every newspaper in Rome gets the story. Then we'll know for sure that Tony Unciello will hear it. His men don't know yet who it was they coshed. My name'll hit them with a big bang. I think it'll make 'em believe almost anything."

"But if they do believe it," Inverest said, "what good will it do? They'll just shoot you down in the street."

Simon shrugged. "That's quite a possibility. But I'm betting on Unciello's curiosity. I don't think he could bear not to know what I had on him. He'll want me taken alive. It should be quite an interesting meeting. . . ."

Simon Templar came out of the front gates of the Embassy and stood on the pavement for a while, gazing idly up and down the Via Vittorio Veneto.

Then he walked a few steps to the entrance of the Hotel Excelsior, paused inside to give the lobby a leisurely survey, and crossed to the porter's desk.

"Are there any messages for me?" He added, very clearly: "The name is Templar—Simon Templar. Room number six-seventeen."

The porter examined his pigeon-holes. "No, Mr. Templar."

"Thank you. Where is the cocktail bar?"

"On the left, sir, down the stairs."

That ought to take care of anyone who might be waiting to pick him up at the hotel.

He went down the stairs. The room was filling up, but he found a place at the bar.

He stayed at the bar for the best part of an hour, and then—after carefully informing the barman where he would be dining—he went out into the street again.

A glance at his watch showed him that it was still early for dinner. He strolled up towards the Borghese Park, and paused at the crowded tables of a pavement café. He saw a vacant table at the edge of the pavement and sat down.

A waiter took his order. A boy came by with an armful of newspapers, and Simon bought one. The kidnapping of Sue Inverest qualified for the biggest headline on the front page, and early in the story he found himself referred to as a friend of the girl, who had been "beaten and left for dead" on the scene.

His drink came, and he paid for it but did not touch it. The chances of any food or drink offered to him being poisoned must be increasing with every minute.

He read on, looking for a reference to the mysterious secret clue he was supposed to have. And then he had company. There were two of them, and because he had studiously avoided watching for them they might

have sprung up out of the ground. They stood one on each side of him, crowding him, and at the same time practically blocking him from the sight of the other patrons of the café. They were men of perfectly average size and build, dressed in perfectly commonplace dark suits, with perfectly unmemorable faces distinguished only by their perfect expressionlessness.

The street was behind Simon; but that opening was closed, with admirable timing, by a car which simultaneously slid in to the kerb and stopped at his back.

One of the men leaned on Simon's shoulder with a hand that was buried in his coat pocket. "Let's-a go, sport," the man said.

Simon tried to look up with the right combination of fear, surprise and bluster.

"What are you talking about?" "You, sport," said the spokesman laconically. "Get in-a da car."

Simon licked his lips in apparent fear, and stood up.

There were no shades inside the car, no suggestion of blindfolding, no attempt to stop him observing the route they took. The implication that nothing he saw would ever be of any use to him was too obvious to be missed.

Zigzag Through The Alleys

They drove in silence down to the Tiber, crossed over the Ponte Cavour, turned by the Palace of Justice. The great white dome of St. Peter's loomed ahead against the darkening sky. A few zigzags through narrow, ill-lit alleys, and the car stopped outside a small pizzeria and bar with strings of salami tastefully displayed in the dingy window.

"Get out, sport," said the talking man.

His partner got out first and waited for the Saint. The two of them closed in behind him and prodded him towards the door of the pizzeria. They kept him moving briskly through the odorous interior. The drinkers at the bar just inside the entrance, the shirt-sleeved bartender wiping glasses on a filthy rag, the few diners at the stained tables in the back, the slatternly women who looked out of the open door of the kitchen in the rear, all stared at the Saint silently as he passed; but the stares were as emotionless and impersonal as the stares of zombies.

They climbed a flight of stairs to a narrow landing and entered a small untidy bedroom, but Simon hardly had time to glance over it before one of the men was doing something to the big old-fashioned wardrobe which caused it to roll noiselessly aside like a huge sliding door.

"Keep-a moving, sport," said the talkative one, and the Saint

was shoved on through the opening.

As he stepped into the brightness beyond, as if on to a stage set, he knew that he had at least won the first leg of the double, even before he saw the man who waited for him.

"Hallo, Tony," he said.

It was the contrast of the room in which he found himself after the squalor that he had been hustled through which was theatrical. It was spacious and high-ceilinged, exquisitely decorated and furnished, like a room in a set designer's conception of a ducal palace.

The Saint's gaze travelled leisurely around it in frank fascination.

"Quite a layout you have, for such a modest address," he remarked approvingly.

"Sure, it's plenty comfortable," said Tony Unciello.

He sat in an immense brocaded chair, looking like a great frog. The resemblance held true for his sloping hairless head, his swarthy skin and heavy-lidded reptilian eyes, his broad stomach and thin splayed legs. In fact, almost the only un-froglike things about him were his clothes, the diamond rings on his fingers, and the cigar clamped in his wide, thick-lipped mouth.

"So you're the Saint," Unciello said. "Sit down."

Instantly Simon was pushed forward, the seat of an upright chair hit him behind the knees, and two hands on his shoulders pushed him forcefully down on it. His two escorts stood behind him like sentries.

"I heard a lot about you, Saint."

"I know. And you just couldn't wait to meet me."

"I could have waited for ever to meet you. But now it's different. All on account of this place." Unciello took the cigar out again to wave it comprehensively at the surroundings. "It's quite a layout, like you said. And comfortable, like I said. Only there's nobody supposed to know about it who don't belong to me, body and soul. And then you come along, and you don't belong to me, but it gives out that you know how to find me."

"Why, what gave you that idea?"

"That's what you said."

"I'd bought a newspaper just before your reception committee picked me up," Simon remarked thoughtfully, "but it didn't have that story. How did you hear it so quickly? Direct from the police, maybe?"

"You catch on fast," Unciello said. "Sure, Inspector Buono's one of my boys. And he knows where he can find me. That's okay. But with you it's different."

He leaned forward a little. His manner was very patient and earnest.

"When a fellow like you says he could find me, I get bothered. I gotta know how you got it figured. So if maybe somebody slipped up somewhere, it can be taken care of. See what I mean?"

"You couldn't be more lucid, Tony," Simon reassured him. "And what do you think this information would be worth?"

Unciello chuckled, a soundless quaking of his wide belly. "Why, to you it's worth plenty. You tell me all about it, and everything's nice and friendly. But you don't tell me, the boys have to go to work on you—and you talk just the same, only you been hurt plenty first. To a fellow with your brains that don't make sense. So you tell me now, and we don't have no nastiness."

Simon appeared to consider this briefly, but the conclusion was obvious. "You make everything delightfully simple," he said. "So I'll try to do the same. I said I could find you, and this proves it. I'm here now."

"Only because my boys brought you here."

"Which I figured you'd have them do as soon as you heard I was claiming to know how to find you."

Unciello's eyes did not blink so much as deliberately close and open again, like the eyes of a lizard. "You're a smart fellow. What's your angle?"

"I'm acting as Mr. Inverest's

strictly unofficial representative. As you very well know, he can't officially make any deal with you. But as a man, of course, you've got him over a barrel. He's ready to trade."

"He's a smart fellow, too."

"It'll have to be very discreetly handled. They'll have to arrange to dig up some startling new evidence, to give grounds for a re-trial and an acquittal. But first, Inverest's got to be sure you've really got his daughter and that she hasn't been harmed."

"The girl's okay."

Simon looked at him steadily. "I have to see her myself. Then I'll write him a note, which you can have delivered. I'll tell you right now that it'll have a code word in it, which is to prove that I really wrote it and that nobody was twisting my arm to make me say the right things."

Unciello contemplated him with the immobility of a Buddha. Then his eyes switched to a point over the Saint's head.

"Mena la giovane," he said.

The hoodlum who never spoke came around from behind the Saint's chair and crossed the big room to disappear through one of the doors at the other end. Unciello smoked his cigar impassively. There was no idle conversation. Presently the man who had left came back, and with him he brought Sue Inverest. She carried her curly fair head high, and Simon smiled into her shocked grey eyes.

"Are They Going To Let Me Go?"

"Your father sent me to see if you were all right, Sue," he said gently. "Have they hurt you?"

"No, not yet. Are they going to let me go?"

"Quite soon, I hope."

"Write that letter," Unciello said.

The taciturn thug brought a pad and pencil from a side table and thrust them at the Saint.

Simon balanced the pad on his knee and wrote, taking his time:

Dear Mr. Inverest,
I've seen Sue, and she's still as good as new. So you'd better hurry up and meet Tony's terms, even if it isn't exactly "for the public good." Perhaps that would sound better to you in Latin, but it all comes to the *homo sequendum*. Will report again as arranged.

Simon Templar.

He held out the pad. The man who had brought it carried it across to Unciello.

Unciello read it through slowly, and looked up again at the Saint. "What's that *homo sequendum* deal?" he demanded.

"*Homo* means 'same,' as in 'homosexual,'" Simon explained patiently. "*Sequendum* is the same root as our words 'sequel' or 'consequences.' It just means 'the same result.' Inverest is a Latin scholar."

"And what's this about reporting again?"

"Inverest will want another report on Sue—authenticated with our password—from me, before they finally let your brother go."

The gang chieftain held out the pad towards his errand-boy. "Have somebody downstairs send it," he ordered.

He continued to study the Saint emotionlessly, but with deep curiosity. "You're a real smart fellow," he said. "But you're taking a lot of chances. What's in it for you?"

Simon raised his eyebrows a fraction. "Hudson Inverest is a rich man in his own right," he said. "He's offered a reward of a hundred thousand dollars to anyone who helps get his daughter back. Didn't your pal Buono tell you that? Even he looked interested!"

The messenger returned and resumed his position behind the Saint's chair, but Unciello did not appear to notice him for several seconds. He remained sunk in an implacable and frightening immobility of meditation. And then at last his saurian eyes flicked up.

"Tell Mario to serve dinner," he said. "We'll all eat together. And send word to Buono I want to see him—*subito*."

They ate in a palatial dining-room that was almost overpoweringly ornate with gilt and frescoes. Sue and the Saint on either side of

Tony Unciello at the head of a long table. One of the guards stood behind each of the involuntary guests like an attendant footman.

The meal, in spite of the lavish surroundings, was only spaghetti, though with an excellent sauce. Apparently that was what Unciello liked, for he tackled a huge plate of it with a practically uninterrupted series of engulfing motions, washing it down with a draught of Chianti from a Venetian goblet. He wiped his face with a napkin tucked under his chin. "Now I got it," he announced; and the Saint looked at him inquiringly.

Unciello said: "I get that *homo sequendum* business. That's gotta be the password you fixed up with Inverest. I can write my own letters from now on."

"You mean I can go, Tony?" Simon asked hopefully.

"Yeah—to the morgue. You never was going anywhere else, because you know too much about this place. I guess you ain't so smart after all."

Simon Templar had no argument. It would have done no good

to point out that this was one occasion when he had never figured himself very smart, so far as his own personal survival was concerned. He felt lucky enough to have achieved as much as he had done. Now, if he was not going to live to see the finish, he could still hope that the gamble had not been altogether lost. As for himself, it had to come some day, and this way was as worthwhile as any.

He smiled at the girl's comprehending horror, and his eyes were very gay and blue. "Don't worry, Sue," he said. "Don't think about it, ever. I just hope everything works out all right for you."

"You'll Take Charge Of The Killing"

"I'll take care of her myself personally," Unciello said; and only then, for the first time, Simon felt ice in his heart.

The door from the living-room opened abruptly, and Inspector Buono came in. He looked very cool and elegant; and if he had

any nervousness, it might only have been found in his eyes. They merely glanced at the girl and Simon, and went quickly back to Unciello.

"Eccomi arrivato," he said obsequiously. "Cosa desidera?"

"Talk English," Unciello growled. "The Saint wants to know what's going on. It's his funeral we're talking about. And you're just the boy to take charge of it. Make it look like he was shot resisting arrest."

"But . . ."

"I'm sending a couple of the boys along to watch you," Unciello poured another glass of wine, and his broad face was malevolently bland. "I hear some of our people are worried that one of these days you might get too interested in a reward, if it was big enough. Now, if they see you do something like this, so they can feel they've got something on you, it'll give 'em more confidence."

"Sissignor," said Buono whitely. Then the door behind burst open again, and the room suddenly filled with armed police.

Through their midst stepped a

large, elderly, perspiring man with a superb black handle-bar moustache, who surveyed the scene with somewhat pompous satisfaction.

"Everyone here," he said, not without a trace of awe, "is under arrest."

The stooped, scholarly figure of the Secretary of State followed him in, and Sue Inverest flung herself into her father's outstretched arms.

"But I still don't know how you got there," Sue was still asking in the limousine.

"My dear," Mr. Inverest said mildly, "surely even you learned enough Latin in school to know that *homo sequendum* means 'man who must be followed?'"

She gave a shaky half-laugh. "I might have thought of that, but the Saint was so convincing with his translation. . . . And anyway, how on earth did you know *who* to follow?"

"Whom," said Mr. Inverest.

"You remember that tag about 'for the public good?'" Simon said. "I told your father he'd like it better in Latin. That's *pro bono publico*. I could only hope

he'd be fast enough to turn the *bono* into *Buono*."

"Fortunately I'm not quite the imbecile that I'm sometimes called," Inverest said. "Once I had that clue, I went straight to the top. That was the Minister of the Interior himself who was in charge of the raid."

"And you remember," Simon added, "how I threw in that bit about Buono's unseemly interest in a reward which he hadn't reported—for the simple reason that it was never offered. I was banking on that to bother Tony enough so that he'd send for Buono, which would lead the posse straight to the right place."

The girl cuddled her father's arm, but her grey eyes were on the Saint. "I know you're not really rich, Daddy," she said. "But he ought to have some reward."

Simon grinned.

"I'll settle for the privilege of buying you a real dinner. And then maybe dancing with you till dawn. And then if there's anything still owing, I'd better leave it on deposit. I'm liable to need it one of these days."



3. LUCERNE

The Loaded Tourist

THE LIGHTS of Lucerne were twinkling on the lake as Simon Templar strolled out towards it through the Casino gardens, and above them the craghead of old Pilatus loomed blackly against a sky full of stars.

Simon stood under a tree, enjoying a cigarette, absorbed in the serene beauty of shimmering water and sentinel mountains.

From the direction of the Hotel National, off to his left, came a single set of footsteps. They were solid, purposeful, a little hurried.

Simon turned only his head, and saw the man who made them as he came nearer—a stoutish man of middle height with a small black beard, wearing a dark suit and a dark homburg and carrying a bulky brief-case. Hardly a moment later, Simon realized that he was watching not one man, but three.

The other two came from somewhere out of the shadows—one tall and gaunt, the other short and powerful. They wore snap-brim hats pulled down over their eyes and kept their hands in their pockets. They, too, moved quickly and purposefully—more quickly even than the man with the beard, so that their distance behind him was dwindling rapidly. But the difference was that their feet made no sound. . . .

It was only as the two pursuers closed the last yard between them and the bearded man, and the lamp light flashed on steel in the gaunt one's hand, that Simon realized what was happening. The gaunt one's right hand snaked over their quarry's right shoulder and clamped over his mouth; the steel in his left hand disappeared where it touched the bearded man's back.

And The Saint Steps In

At the same moment, like a horrible extension of the same creature, the stocky one snatched the brief-case out of unprotesting fingers. Then, in the same continuous flow of movement, the bearded man was falling bonelessly, like a rag doll, and the two attackers were running back towards the alley between the Casino gardens and the gardens of the Hotel National.

The Saint met them at the corner of the alley. The gaunt one was nearer, and saw him first, and swung to meet him. The Saint saw a cruel bony face twisting in a vicious snarl, but he had the advantage of surprise. Before any of its transparently unfriendly intentions could materialize, his fist slammed into it, and the gaunt man sat down suddenly.

The other man did not wait to

aid his partner. He swerved and kept on running. And because he still carried the brief-case which appeared to be the prize in the affray, Simon ran after him and launched himself in a flying tackle that just reached one of the stocky man's pistoning legs.

Then, as they rolled over at the edge of a clump of rhododendron, the man's other foot thumped into the side of the Saint's head.

Coloured lights danced across Simon's eyes, and his hold loosened. He must have been half stunned for a moment; then, as his head cleared, he was holding nothing.

A heavy rustling in the bushes, hoarse shouts, and the sound of more running feet mingled confusedly in his brain as he sat up.

A man bent over him, only dimly visible in the gloom.

"Are you all right?"

Simon picked himself up, felt his face tenderly, and brushed off his clothes. "I think so. Did you see my playmate?"

"He ran away. What was it about?"

There were more hurrying footsteps, and the beam of a flashlight stabbed at them. In the reflected glow behind it Simon saw the outlines of a uniform.

"Here's someone who's going to be professionally interested in the answer to that," he said grimly.

The policeman spoke in the atrocious guttural dialect of the region, and the man with the Saint, who, Templar now observed, was a round, roly-poly individual, answered in the same patois. His face in the light was round and soft and childish, with rimless glasses over rather prominent blue eyes. He wore a tweed coat and a round, soft pork-pie hat.

The policeman turned to the Saint. "*Vous parlez français?*"

"Mais oui," said the Saint easily. "This gentleman saw me trying to catch one man. There was another. Over there."

They walked to where Simon had tackled the gaunt man. But there was no one there.

"He seems to have got away, too," he said ruefully. Then he pointed across the promenade.

"There's the man they robbed."

He must have died instantly. His face was almost shockingly composed and disinterested when they turned him over.

"The brief-case which you say they took from him," said the policeman, in French. "What happened to it?"

Simon shrugged. "I suppose the fellow I tackled got away with it."

"And so we shall not know the motive for the attack," observed the round man thoughtfully.

"Without wanting to play Sherlock Holmes," said the Saint, with

a trace of sarcasm, "I should guess that it might have been robbery."

The policeman was searching the pockets of the body. With a light touch on the arm, the moon-faced man drew the Saint a little from him.

"Restrain yourself, my friend. The police don't like to be teased. May I introduce myself? My name is Oscar Kleinhaus. I'm fairly well known here. I'll try to see that you have no trouble."

"Thank you," said the Saint curiously.

The policeman was holding an Italian passport.

"Filippo Ravenna," he read from it. "Of Venice. Married. Fifty-one years old. Director of companies." He thumbed over the pages of the passport, and pointed at one of them. "What is this?"

The Name Is— Sebastian Tombs

Simon looked over his shoulder. "It's an immigrant's visa to the United States . . . issued a week ago. Apparently it has not yet been used."

The policeman looked at him suspiciously.

"You are very knowledgeable. Your name, please?"

Simon had grown a little wary lately of the hazards of his reputation.

"Tombs," he said. "Sebastian Tombs."

"Where are you staying here?"

"At the National."

The policeman wrote down the information in a notebook.

Kleinhaus said something else to the policeman, and the policeman seemed to agree. Kleinhaus took Simon by the arm and steered him away.

"Could you identify those two thugs?" he asked.

"After a fashion," Simon described them as best he could, as they walked through the gardens to the back entrance of the hotel.

"I'll pass it on to the police."

They were in the lobby. "It'll be easier for me, speaking the lingo. And you don't want to get mixed up in it, and spoil your holiday."

He raised his hat courteously as Simon entered the lift.

The Saint was not a worrier. He slept as if nothing had happened.

He had just finished breakfast in his room next morning when there was a knock on his door.

The woman who waited outside was no more than thirty, beautiful in a dark, classical way, like a Florentine painting, with a full figure that nullified the discretion of an expensive black dress. There were deep shadows under her eyes.

She said, with hardly a trace of



The Saint hurled himself forward in a flying tackle. As he caught an ankle, the man kicked savagely at his head

accent: "Mr. Tombs—may I talk to you? I am Mrs. Ravenna."

"Of course."

She came in and sat down.

"You tried to catch the men who killed my husband," she said. "The police told me. I wanted to thank you."

"I'm sorry I wasn't more successful. I only hope I can identify them. I suppose you haven't any ideas about them?"

"I have none. Filippo was a good man. I didn't think he had any enemies."

"Did he have business rivals?" Simon asked.

"I can't think of any. . . . In any case, he had got rid of his interests."

"What were they?"

"He manufactured shoes. We

were going to America, to start afresh there."

The Saint was silent for a moment. "The police think it was just an ordinary robbery, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Don't you?"

She twisted her fingers nervously together. "I don't know what to think."

The Saint stared at a plume of smoke drifting towards the ceiling. "These blokes didn't just pick your husband by accident, you know," he said. "They knew what they were after. They just grabbed his brief-case and ran. Therefore they knew what was in it. What was that?"

"I can't imagine."

"It must have been something

very valuable. . . . Why did you come here to Lucerne," he asked, "when you were just getting ready to go to America?"

"There were a few places we wanted to see . . . we didn't know if we would ever come back."

"And yet, on a simple sentimental trip, your husband brought along something so valuable that he could be murdered for it—and never even mentioned it to you?"

Her black eyes flashed, suddenly hard like jet. "You ask more questions than the police! Are you insulting me?"

"I'm sorry," he said quickly. "I was only trying to help."

She looked down at the twisting of her hands and made a visible effort to hold them still.

"Forgive me," she said in a lowered voice. "I am on edge. It has been such a shock. . . . You are right. The brief-case is important. And that's really what I wanted to talk to you about. I wondered if the man might have dropped it."

"If he did, the police would have found it—and they'd certainly have returned it to you."

Her eyes examined him uncertainly. "If anyone found it. . . anyone. . . I would pay a large reward." She stood up abruptly. "Thank you for letting me talk to you—and again for what you tried to do. I must not bother you any more."

She held out her hand and was gone.

Simon Templar stood where she had left him and slowly lighted another cigarette. Then he walked to the window. From the balcony outside he was offered a superb panorama of mountains rolling down to the sparkling blue foreground of the lake. But his eye was not on it; he looked towards the corner outside the gardens where he had tackled the stocky man.

He could have persuaded himself that it was only an illusion that he could see something from where he stood; but the echoes of the false notes that the Signora Ravenna had struck were less easy to dismiss.

He put on his jacket and went downstairs. After only a short search in the bushes near where he had tangled with the stocky man, he found the brief-case. The police, apparently assuming that it was gone, hadn't bothered to look for it. The Saint took it back to his room.

It required no instruments of violence to open it. Just a steady pull on a zipper. It opened flat, exposing its contents in one dramatic revelation, as if they had been spread out on a tray.

Simon enumerated them dispassionately.

Rare Stamps—And A Botticelli

A chamois pouch containing a necklace of pink pearls, perfectly graduated. A hotel envelope containing eight diamonds and six emeralds, cut but unset, none less than two carats, each wrapped in a fold of tissue-paper. A Cellophane envelope containing ten assorted postage stamps, of an age which suggested that they might be rare and valuable. A small oil-painting on canvas without a frame, signed with the name of Botticelli. A folded sheet of plain note-paper on which was typed in French:

M. Paul Galen,
137 Wendeweg,
Lucerne.

Dear Monsieur Galen,

The bearer, Signor Filippo Ravenna, can be trusted, and his merchandise is most reliable.

With best regards,
The signature was distinctive but undecipherable.

The Saint was whistling softly to himself. He put the jewels, the stamps and the letter in different pockets of his coat, returned the painting to the brief-case and zipped it up again. He hid it, not too seriously, under the mattress at the head of the bed. Then, with a



The girl glared accusingly at the Saint. "This man had my husband killed!" she cried

new lightness in his step, he went out and rang for the lift.

It took him down one floor, and stopped again. Signora Ravenna got in. For the space of one skipped heartbeat he wondered if her room, too, had a balcony, from which she might have watched him retrieve the brief-case from the bushes below.

He chatted for a while and saw her into a taxi, and then bought a selection of morning papers, and sat down at the nearest café over a cup of chocolate to glance at the headlines.

He had just finished when a shadow fell across the table, and a familiar voice said: "Looking to see whether you are a hero, Mr. Tombs?"

It was Oscar Kleinhaus, and the disarming smile on his cherubic face made his remark innocent of offence.

The Saint smiled back, no less disarmingly. "They don't seem to have the story yet? Would you care to join me?"

Kleinhaus shook his head. "Unfortunately I have a business appointment. I hope I'll have another opportunity. How long are you staying here?"

"I haven't made any plans. I thought the police would want to know that, but no one's been near me."

"If they caught anyone for you to identify, they would want you. Until then I expect they think it more considerate not to trouble you. But if you asked for your bill at the hotel, I'm sure they would be informed." The round face was completely bland and friendly. "I must go now. But we shall run into each other again. Lucerne is a small town."

He raised his hat with the same formal courtesy as the night before, and ambled away.

Simon watched him out of sight, then hailed a cab and gave the address which he had found in the brief-case.

The house where the taxi stopped was high up, perched out on a jutting crag in the hillside with a magnificent view of the lake below. Simon paid off the driver, confirmed the number on the door, and rang the bell.

The door opened and a manservant with a seamed grey face, dressed in sombre black, looked him over impersonally.

"Is Monsieur Galen here?" Simon inquired.

"De la part de qui, m'sieu?" "I am Filippo Ravenna," said the Saint.

The room into which he was ushered was large and sunny, furnished with the kind of antiques

that look priceless and yet comfortable to live with.

The man who advanced to greet Simon had a muscular build rounded with good living, a full crop of black hair becomingly flecked with silver, and strong, fleshy features. White teeth gleamed around a cigar.

"Buon giorno, signor, felicissimo di vederla." He waved Simon to a couch facing the windows.

"You have come to do business, Signor Ravenna? You have a letter, perhaps?"

"What Do You Have To Sell?"

Simon handed him the introduction. Galen glanced at it and put it in his pocket and sat down.

"I knew you were coming," he said apologetically, "but it is necessary to be careful."

"Of course." "Sometimes my clients are so preoccupied with evading their own export restrictions that they forget we have Swiss import regulations, too."

"I understand your position," said the Saint, understanding very little. "So your clients come from all over Europe, do they?"

"From everywhere between the Iron Curtain and Portugal—every country where there are these annoying restrictions on foreign exchange and the free movement of wealth. . . . Now, what do you have to sell?"

Simon gave him the chamois bag.

Galen took out the pink pearl necklace and held it up to the light. "It is beautiful," he said admiringly. He studied it more closely, and then pondered for several seconds while he carefully evened the ash on his cigar.

"I can give you four hundred thousand Swiss francs," he said at length. "Or, if you like, the equivalent in dollars, deposited at any bank in London or New York. That would be something over six thousand pounds or seventeen thousand dollars. . . . But you have more to offer me?"

Simon Templar took an infinitesimal moment to reply. And in that moment he realized why Ravenna, unable to bring money out of Italy, had smuggled these valuables. He had brought them to Switzerland to convert into hard money—money that meant something in America.

The Saint found himself saying, almost absent-mindedly: "I left the other things at the hotel. You understand, I thought we should get acquainted first."

Somewhere outside the room he

was aware of indistinct voices.

"A small Botticelli," said the Saint slowly, watching the man, "also—"

The door behind him burst open as if a tornado had struck it. And into the room strode Signora Ravenna, her bosom heaving and her blue-black eyes blazing with dark fire.

"Go on," she said. "What else was there?"

Galen was on his feet as quickly as a big dog. He glanced at the Saint. "Do you know this lady?"

"Certainly," said the Saint. "She is Signora Ravenna."

Galen almost relaxed. "A thousand pardons. You should have told me your wife—"

"I am not his wife," the young woman cut him short passionately. "My husband was murdered last night. This impostor is an American who calls himself Tombs—I have no doubt he is the employer of the men who killed my husband." She glared accusingly at the Saint.

Galen moved easily around the couch, without apparent haste or agitation. "No doubt one of you can at least prove your identity," he said.

"I can," said Signora Ravenna. She fumbled in her handbag. "I can show you my passport. Ask him to show you his!"

"I'll save you the trouble," said the Saint amiably in English. "I concede that this is Signora Ravenna, and it's true that she's been a widow for about twelve hours."

"Then your explanation had better be worth listening to," Galen said in the same language. Suddenly, there was an automatic in his hand, the muzzle lined up with Simon's midriff.

Simon's gaze slid languidly over the barrel of the gun and up to Galen's coldly questioning face.

The Saint Wants To Know

"I happened to see Signor Ravenna jumped on last night by two thugs who stole his brief-case," he said. "This morning Signora Ravenna came to my room and asked me about the brief-case. She said she had no idea what was in it and couldn't imagine why anyone would attack her husband. It was just too much for my inquisitive nature. So when I found the case I came here to find out what was going on."

Galen's dispassionate eyes rested immovably, on the Saint's face. "And what is your business, Mr. Tombs?"

"Just think of me," said the

Saint, "as a guy with a weakness for puzzles, and an incorrigible asker of questions. I have a few more." He looked at Signora Ravenna again. "Are you positive your husband couldn't have discussed this deal with anyone?"

"Only with his best friend, who gave him the introduction to Monsieur Galen."

"But the jokers who waylaid your husband knew he was carrying something valuable, and even knew it was in his brief-case. How do you account for that?"

"I don't know how crooks like you find out these things," she flared. "Why don't you tell us?"

Simon shook his head. "I suggest," he said rather forensically, "that those crooks could only have known because you told them—because you hired them to get rid of your husband and bring back his most negotiable property."

In the silence that followed his remark, the door burst open once more. A short, spherical man stood facing them.

"I am Inspector Kleinhaus, of the police," he said. "I should like to hear the answer to that."

A hush, that might be described as electric, settled. "You see," Kleinhaus explained diffidently, "we had a friendly tip from Italy that two known Italian criminals had bought tickets to Switzerland. It was my job to keep an eye on them. I'm afraid they gave me the slip last night, for long enough to attack and rob Signor Ravenna. When I met you at the scene of the crime, Mr. Tombs, I didn't know if you might be associated with them, so I didn't introduce myself completely. But we kept watch on you. We saw you find the brief-case and take it to your room—incidentally, we recovered it as soon as you went out, with its interesting contents."

Galen put the automatic in his pocket and took out the necklace. "Except this," he said conscientiously.

"Thank you," said Kleinhaus. "Meanwhile, Mr. Tombs, we went on keeping an eye on you, and on Signora Ravenna. Her answers seemed as suspicious to me as they apparently did to you."

The detective's blue eyes were on the Italian woman. "Now, Signora Ravenna, I still want to hear what you were going to say."

"You Can't Accuse Me Of That!"

Her face was a white mask. "I have nothing to say! You can't be serious about such an accusation—and from such a person! Can you believe I would have my own husband murdered?"

"Such things have happened," Kleinhaus said sadly. "However, we can check in another way. The two men who attacked your husband have already been caught. We'll see what they say when they realize there's only one way to save their own skins."

It was pitiful to see the false indignation drain out of her face, and the features turn ugly and formless with terror. She moistened her lips, and her throat moved, but no sound came. And then she gave an inarticulate little cry and ran past Galen, shoving him out of the way with a hysterical violence that sent him staggering, and ran out through the french windows, out on to the sunlit terrace that went to the edge of the cliff where the house perched, and kept on running. . . .

Inspector Kleinhaus, presently, was the first to turn from looking down over the edge.

"Perhaps that saves a lot of unpleasantness," he remarked. "Well, I must still ask you to identify the two men, Mr. Tombs—your name really is Tombs?"

"It sounds sort of ominous, doesn't it?" said the Saint easily.

He still had eight diamonds, six emeralds, and ten valuable stamps in his pockets which no one was asking questions about.

At such a time, it would have been foolish to draw any more attention to himself.

The Saint's holiday is not over. Watch out for another new, complete story by Leslie Charteris—coming soon to John Bull



Witchdoctor Tuki instructs his sons in the sacred duty of revenge and shows them how to shrink a head. When they are ten, he will send them on a raid

AMAZON HEADHUNTERS (4) *by LEWIS COTLOW*

A dance of terror—then the heads roll

I had seen such frenzy before, but that had been acting. These drug-crazed and fighting-mad warriors were in earnest—and tomorrow they would be on the warpath

MY FIRST EXPEDITION to the land of South America's 20,000 Jivaro headhunters had been mainly a preliminary exploration. I had learned something of a headhunter's life and customs, discovered some of the reasons that make a man cut off another man's head, shrink it to the size of his fist and dance round it. I had also taken some film, but not enough for what I wanted—a full-length feature picture of the headhunters' lives.

Now it seemed as if my efforts were going to meet with success. On my second trip I had travelled by plane from my home in New York to

Ecuador, and then entered Jivaro country after a hair-raising journey across the Andes. It had been an arduous, back-breaking trek, but well worth it. For one thing, I knew that I was in Jivaro territory that had been scarcely touched by white civilization; for another, I had met Peruche.

Peruche was seventy years old, a headhunter *curaka* (chief) who had taken many heads. He was also one of the kindest, most warm-hearted men I have ever met—and one of the most quick-witted. The idea of motion pictures intrigued him, and when I suggested that his clan should enact before my camera the famous

Jivaro *tsantsa* festival and the victory dance around the shrunken head, he became quite excited.

At once Peruche became my producer. He sent his eldest son Juanga to the signal drum, which Peruche kept outside his hut, and a message was drummed out to all the *jivarias* (clan houses) in the neighbourhood: "Come to Peruche's for a feast!"

Some of his men went out to extend the invitation in person. I wondered if the gathering clans would understand my purpose as well as Peruche, who was excited about the whole idea chiefly, I think, because it was an excuse for a



This Jivaro has cut off his enemy's head and removed the skull. Holding the head by the hair, he now lowers it into a pot. Two hours' boiling will shrink it to a third of its size



Fashion is no problem for Jivaro women—a one-piece dress tied over the right shoulder and a belt of snail shells. The small stick piercing one woman's lip is a sign of maturity



party and there had been none for a long time. He was particularly pleased at the thought of celebrating a victory dance without the necessity of fasting, as he would do on a real occasion.

"When I come home after killing my enemy," he said, "I am washed with chicken blood on the legs and painted with black *sua*. The *tsantsa* is already shrunk, for I have done that on the way. We must be very careful that the spirit of my enemy does not harm me, for his spirit lives in his head, above all in his hair. It tries to get back at me, of course, but I do many things to conquer the spirit and make it obey me, help me. We stick the *tsantsa* on a lance in the ground, the lance I killed my enemy with. We dance around it and thrust our lances at it, frightening the spirit, showing how we killed. And the women sing and dance, too. And the other women—the women we have taken from my enemy's *jivaria*—stand by and weep. If we captured no women, some of our own women take their part and weep bitterly.

Must Fast For Six Months

"Then I must fast," he went on. "I cannot eat meat of the strong animals, the big fish, for my enemy's spirit may enter into them and so into me. I cannot go to my wives. For six months I must fast and be continent. Then I can hold the big *tsantsa* feast and finally conquer my enemy's spirit. Then my sons' spirits see and know that I have killed the enemy who killed them, that I have overcome his spirit. They will be happy and can rest content, and my hunting will be good, my sons will be strong, and I will live long—yes, even longer."

Peruche smiled and then chuckled. "Now we will have a victory dance, and I will not have to fast. I can eat good meat and sleep with my wives tonight." I think he wondered why this idea had never occurred to him before.

The guests began to arrive early the next morning, the men decked out in their best finery, feathered headdresses, belts of human hair, necklaces of shells, jaguar's teeth, and the bones of the tayo bird. The last is the mark of the brave man, for the tayo bird lives in caves and must be hunted with torches. Since jaguars often inhabit the same caves, the Indian who hunts the tayo often walks into the mouth of a jaguar mother with her cubs, as dangerous an encounter as one could imagine. The women wore dancing belts of shells, perhaps a necklace or two, but otherwise were dressed as usual.

Diehards Refused To Dance

By mid-afternoon there were forty or fifty men and women in addition to Peruche's own family group, and everyone seemed happy. Peruche explained the reason for the party. I'm sure that many of his guests did not understand why they should dance a victory dance when there had been no victory, but the *curaka*'s influence was strong enough to make most of them go along with it. A few traditionalists never did enter the dance, standing to one side and watching with puzzled expressions, wondering whether or not to disapprove. Rituals are sacred things to the Jivaros and should be performed in the right time and place.

The women entered into the spirit of the idea readily and enjoyed themselves immensely as they formed two lines through which the victor—enacted by Juanga at Peruche's insistence—strode home with the *tsantsa* suspended around his neck and hanging against his chest. Juanga thrust his lance into the ground and placed the shrunk head on top of it. Peruche had apparently infused his son with the spirit of the scene, and of course Juanga had gone through it numerous times himself. He glared at the *tsantsa* with such hatred and venom that it frightened me, just as it was supposed to frighten

the spirit that dwelled within it. He stood very straight and looked brave indeed, like the true conquering hero returning home to receive the plaudits of his family and friends.

Peruche dispensed with the ritual of washing with chicken blood and the dye called *sua*, feeling that the dance was the important thing. Warriors with lances formed a circle around the *tsantsa* and started the dance, stepping together forward, then back, forward again, sideways a few steps, back, then forward. A rhythmic chant that may have consisted of words but sounded to me more like a guttural, breathy grunt beat a steady pulse and grew gradually in strength and volume. The forward steps became lunges toward the hated *tsantsa* on its lance, and next each lunge was accompanied by a hard thrust of the lance in each warrior's hand, aimed at the black, shrunken head.

As the dance mounted in intensity, I watched the expressions on the Jivaros' faces. At first calm and impassive, they soon showed deep emotions that stirred behind them. Acting came closer and closer to reality as each man remembered other times when he had danced the victory dance after a successful raid. He saw in his mind again the bloody battle, the cutting off of his enemy's head, the trip back through the jungle, the careful shrinking of the head, and finally his own victory dance at his own *jivaria*. The guttural grunts turned into throaty growls, snarling roars of hatred and exultation; the lunge and thrust of the lance became the piercing of an age-long enemy.

Hypnotized By The Scene

For half an hour the men danced, then broke away, tired and seemingly hypnotized by the scene they had just enacted. Other men took their places, joined hands in a circle and danced around the *tsantsa*, grunting out a chant about the bravery of the victor, the triumphant killing of the despicable foe, the warnings against the evil spirit to keep away. Three steps in toward the *tsantsa*, three steps back, then a movement sideways and another closing in on the *tsantsa*. It was not a complicated dance, nor was it particularly graceful or attractive. So elementary that any child could have learned it in a few minutes, it still carried passion and fierce power in it because of the chant, the expressions on the men's faces, and because of the presence of the ugly miniature head that had once set proudly on a man's shoulders.

The women next formed a large circle and danced—there were far more women than men—but there was none of the same spirit in what they did. I suppose even at a genuine victory dance the women cannot feel the thrill of the battle, the pride of victory, the venomous hatred of the head. They feel happiness at having their men home again after a war in which all might have been slain, with their heads serving as *tsantsas* for other tribes. So the women smiled and giggled as they danced awkwardly and heavily. But there was something nice about it. The heavy atmosphere of hate, of death, of blood, was lifted. The ugly head upon the lance became something not at all human, but rather a ludicrous mask on a pole.

How To Cut Off Heads

By the time the dancing ended, late in the afternoon, I was tired but happy. I had taken many excellent shots, the first coloured motion pictures of a Jivaro ritual dance. After more drinking of *nijimanche* the visitors left for their own *jivarias* so as to reach them before dark. Peruche was almost jolly, perhaps a little bit intoxicated, happy over the success of his party and my pleasure at having such good pictures. He even got his two youngest sons to show me how the head of an enemy is cut off. Peasa demonstrated on Ambusha with his hands, emphasizing how important it was to cut as low as possible, close to the shoulders.

That evening, as we sat and talked, I asked

The Jivaro signal drum is a hollowed-out log with solid ends and holes cut on top to form a resonating box. Its sound travels five miles



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ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS



Peruche directs the victory dance. His clan, drawn up in rows, waits to welcome home a kinsman from a raid. The enemy head will be impaled on a lance, and the grim dance round it will begin

Peruche how many heads he had taken during his lifetime. "Five last year," he said, holding up the fingers of one hand.

"Five in one year!" I cried. "Then you must have taken nearly a hundred in your lifetime." I demonstrated by extending all ten fingers ten times, as Jivaros have difficulty with numbers beyond ten and can calculate beyond that point only by adding more tens.

Peruche laughed and shook his head. "No, not that many," he said. "Some years I took no heads, some years only one or two. Last year was a good year. But I had only one feast."

He did not tell me how many he had taken altogether, and I believe he really did not quite know. But he told me of several great *curakas* of the recent past who had fifty or sixty heads each. "I am not the greatest warrior," Peruche said pleasantly, "although I have many heads. Today the greatest is Utitiaja, who lives there..." and he pointed to the north, "many days' journey. I have travelled much, but I have never been that far. But I have heard of Utitiaja. All Jivaros have heard of Utitiaja."

Greatest Headhunter Of All

Peruche had named a river near which the famous Utitiaja lived. Pablo, my half-breed guide, told me that he did not know the river, but that it was one of the tributaries of the Upano, which joined the Paute, the two becoming eventually the Santiago. I questioned Pablo in some detail, wondering if we might pay a visit to the greatest headhunter of them all, but he said it was impossible—too long a trip. I would have to go into Jivaro country by another route to find Utitiaja.

After my first few days at Peruche's *jivaria*, I

enjoyed each morning as delightful a scene as I could have wished. The Jivaros get up early, the men often stirring before dawn. It usually took half an hour of sunlight to carry me into full consciousness, until near the end of my stay when I found myself keeping Jivaro hours. Each morning, as I pulled back the mosquito netting on the side of my hammock, I saw two wide-eyed children staring at me, waiting for me to make that move.

Kissing Is Unknown To Them

They were Papué, a boy of about ten, and Yangora, a girl of five or six. They were the children of Juanga, grandchildren of Peruche. I found them as charming and appealing as any children I have ever met, and for some reason they found me more fascinating than a pet ocelot. I like most children, but there was something particularly fetching about these two. Perhaps they had a bit of Peruche in them, to make them stand out above other Jivaro children as he did above other Jivaro men.

When Papué and Yangora saw that I was awake they ran to me. Yangora slipped her arms around my neck and chattered words I could not understand but did not need to. I almost expected her to kiss me, except for the fact that the kiss is totally unknown to Jivaros. Affection, cuddling, caressing and petting are *not* unknown however, and many doting Jivaro parents almost smother their children with demonstrations of love, much to the delight of the children. Yangora liked me and showed it simply and forthrightly.

Papué was more reserved, of course. A Jivaro boy of ten is almost a man. He has gone on hunting trips scores of times with his father and is becoming expert with the blowpipe. He has

accompanied his father on raids, witnessing the slaughter and the decapitations even if not taking an active part yet. There is a certain dignity, therefore, that he must maintain.

But Papué admired my pyjamas as much as he liked me, I think, for he always sidled up to me smiling, pleased with his sister's show of affection, approving the whole idea. Then he almost leaned against me and stroked my pyjamas softly, lovingly. They were broad-cloth, not something glistening and silky. But no Jivaro ever weaves cloth as smooth and even and fine as our cotton materials. Most of them do not care, but Papué thought my pyjamas the most wonderful thing in the world. He liked the blue colour, but chiefly the feel of the material.

Inherited Dead Brother's Wives

One morning, during this pleasant encounter, I looked up to see Juanga and three of his wives, and Peruche and two of his wives, beaming upon us. Their faces were wreathed in smiles, their heads tilted slightly to one side, and they chuckled and sighed with delight. I never did learn just who was the mother of Yangora and Papué. Perhaps they had different mothers. It was likely, I thought, that one of the younger women gave birth to them, because I had learned that Juanga's two older wives had been inherited, so to speak, from one of his older brothers who had been killed. A Jivaro has a right to his dead brother's wives, although he is not compelled to accept them.

Jivaro fathers and mothers are devoted to their children and, like devoted parents everywhere, enjoy seeing their children loved and appreciated by others. I know that one of the chief reasons Peruche took me into the heart of his family was the affection between his grandchildren and me.

In the light of these tender scenes, it was shocking one morning a bit later, when I was beginning to get up at the same time as the Indians, to hear Juanga instructing his son Papué in hatred. Early one morning the father, with gravity and deep feeling, sat his son down before him to drill into him the basic facts upon which a Jivaro's life is built.

"Your uncle was killed by Anguasha, the witchdoctor of the Achuales," said Juanga. "Another uncle, dead before you were born, was killed in a war with the Achuales, when they attacked in the dead of night and killed four of his young children also. Two of my sisters were stolen by the Achuales of the upper Morona. The Achuales are your enemies, my enemies, your grandfather's enemies. Together we have taken scores of their heads, but we have not yet avenged the deaths of my two brothers. When you become a man you must make yourself a brave and clever warrior so you can kill Anguasha and take his head, or kill his family, take his women. Before everything else that is your sacred duty. Your uncle's spirit is unhappy. You must give him peace. If you do this you will be rewarded with many fine wives, with good hunting, with good crops. If you fail you will get just one nagging wife who will bear you no children, the game will elude you in the forest, and your crops will fail."

The Blood Feud Never Ends

Every morning, day after day, Juanga said these words, or words like them, to his son Papué. He had already been doing this daily, except when he was away on a long hunting trip or raid, for five years. Papué nodded and listened solemnly, with a look of dedication in his eyes. He believed every word his father told him. Even if the hated enemies were killed by Juanga or others by the time he grew up, the idea of revenge was firmly planted as the fundamental motivating factor of his life. There would by then be other hated enemies to supplant those killed, for a blood feud never ends.

I walked away from this scene one morning to the other side of the *jivaria*, and there I found

Continued on page 35



As the Turkish ship entered the bay, Hornblower trained his glass on her. She was huge and clumsy, but she could splinter Atropos with one broadside

HORNBLOWER

OF THE ATROPOS

by C. S. FORESTER

Hornblower cursed his folly. The Turks had known his game all along. But he'd be damned if he'd hand over the treasure. There *must* be a way out . . .

CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER was suspicious. He had anchored his sloop Atropos in Marmorice Bay, Turkey, expecting the Turks to be hostile. In fact, they were surprisingly friendly. The mudir, or local headman, had even urged him to stay: he apparently wanted protection against Greek pirates.

If the mudir only knew what had brought Atropos here! A quarter of a million pounds in gold and silver lay at the bottom of that bay in a sunken British ship, the Speedwell, and Hornblower had come to salvage it. He had on board a sailing master, George Turner, and

a salvage expert named McCullum, with his three Ceylonese divers.

He had nearly lost McCullum, who had been shot in a duel by the ship's doctor, Eisenbeiss. Eisenbeiss had saved his opponent's life by an operation, but Hornblower still detested the fat, infuriating German, who had been wished on him by King George III. For Eisenbeiss was chamberlain to the King's nephew, the boy prince of Seitz-Bunau, now one of Atropos's midshipmen.

On McCullum's advice, the wreck was blown

up, and Looney, one of the divers, was sent down to see what he could find. The diving party waited tensely in their small boat until Looney reappeared, grinning, from sixteen fathoms. He put a small round object into Hornblower's hand. It was a silver shilling.

PART 6

"A Cascade of Silver"

THAT shilling: Hornblower could only stare at it, and turn it over in his fingers. Every eye in the boat was directed at it; the men were quick enough to guess even if they could

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

not see it clearly. Someone started a cheer, and the others took it up. Hornblower looked down the boat at the grinning faces. Even Clout, the gunner, was waving his hat and yelling.

"Silence!" shouted Hornblower. "Mr. Clout, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

The noise did not stop instantly, as before; the men were too excited. But it died away at length, and the men waited. Hornblower, completely at a loss, had to think now about the next move—this development had taken him by surprise.

It would have to be anti-climax, he decided at last. For the recovery of the treasure, fresh equipment would be necessary; that was certain. The divers had made nearly as many dives that day as they could. Moreover, McCullum must be informed of the results of the explosion and his decision heard regarding further steps. One shilling did not make a quarter of a million sterling. There might be much further work necessary.

"Oars!" he snapped at the waiting men. The oar-looms clattered into the rowlocks and the men bent forward ready to pull. "Give way!"

The oar blades bit into the water and the launch slowly gathered way.

"Head for the ship!" he growled.

He sat glowering in the stern-sheets. Anyone seeing his face might well have thought that the launch was returning after a complete failure, but it was merely that he was annoyed with himself at not being quick-witted enough to have had the appropriate orders ready at once when that astonishing shilling was put into his hand. The whole boat's crew had seen him at a loss. His precious dignity was hurt.

When he got on board he was inclined to sulk in his cabin, but common sense made him go and discuss the situation with McCullum.

"There's a cascade of silver," said McCullum, who had been listening to the reports of the divers. "The bags have rotted, and when the treasure room was blown open the silver poured out."

"And the gold?" asked Hornblower.

"Looney can't tell me as yet," said McCullum. "If I had been in the launch I dare say I should have acquired more information."

HORNBLOWER bit back an angry retort. Nothing would please McCullum better than a quarrel, and he had no wish to indulge him.

"At least, the explosion served its purpose," he said pacifically.

"Like enough."

"Then why," asked Hornblower—the question had been awaiting the asking for a long time—"if the wreck was blown open, why didn't wreckage come to the surface?"

"You don't know?" asked McCullum in reply, clearly gratified at possessing superior knowledge.

"No."

"That's one of the elementary facts of science. Timber submerged at great depths soon becomes waterlogged."

"Indeed?"

"Wood only floats by virtue of the air contained in the cavities in its substance. Under pressure, that air is squeezed out, and, deprived of this upthrust, the residual material has no tendency to rise."

"I see," said Hornblower. "Thank you, Mr. McCullum."

"I am accustomed by now," said McCullum, "to supplementing the education of King's officers."

"Then I trust," said Hornblower, still keeping his temper, "you will continue with mine. What is the next step to take?"

McCullum pursed his lips.

"If that damned doctor," he said, "would only have the sense to allow me out of this bed I could attend to it all myself."

"He'll have the stitches out of you soon," said Hornblower. "Meanwhile, time is of importance."

It was infuriating that a captain, in his own ship, should have to endure this sort of insolence. Hornblower thought of the official complaints he



could make. He could quarrel with McCullum, abandon the whole attempt, and in his report to Collingwood he would declaim that "owing to the complete lack of co-operation on the part of Mr. William McCullum, of the Honourable East India Company's Service," the expedition had ended in failure. No doubt, McCullum would then be rapped on the knuckles officially.

But it was far better to achieve success, even without receiving any sympathy for the trials he was enduring, than to return with the best of excuses empty-handed. It was just as meritorious to pocket his pride and to coax McCullum into giving clear instructions as it was to head a boarding party on to an enemy's deck. Just as meritorious—although less likely to achieve a paragraph in the *Gazette*.

It was pleasant, later on, when eating his dinner, to be able to congratulate himself on his duty done, orders given, all prepared. Life was good, and he was a fortunate man. He slowly consumed his last mouthful of roast lamb, and addressed himself to his lettuce salad, tender young plants, sweet and delicious, the early fruits of the Turkish spring.

The Turkish spring was not going to give way to summer without a last struggle, without calling the vanished winter back to her aid. The wind blew wildly and cold from the north-westward; the skies were grey, and the rain lashed down torrentially.

Walking upon the quarter-deck with the rain-drops rattling upon his oil-skin seemed to Hornblower to be a cheerless business, the more so because until this gale dropped there would be no chance of continuing the salvage operations. He hated the thought of having to rouse himself from his inertia and exert himself to re-establish the good spirits of the ship's company, but he knew he must.

"Messenger!" he said, "my compliments to Mr. Smiley and Mr. Horrocks, and I'll see them at once in my cabin."

TWENTY minutes later both watches were assembled on deck by divisions, wearing only their duck trousers in the rain, the cold drops beating on their bare chests and feet. There was plenty of growling at the discomfort, but there was amusement among the topmen because every idler in the ship was there—"I'll have 'em all," Hornblower had said, "waisters and holders, gunner's crew and sail-maker's crew." And there was the excitement always attendant upon a race; and there was the compensation of seeing the three senior watch-keeping officers, Jones and Still and Turner, climbing the ratlines to take their places in the cross-trees to see that the racing was fair.

Hornblower stood forward by the

knight-heads with his speaking-trumpet, so that the wind would carry his voice plainly along the deck.

"One to get steady!" he shouted. "Two to be ready. Three—and you're off!"

It was a relay race, up the rigging of each mast in turn and down again, port watch against starboard; it was the inclusion of the men who rarely, if ever, went aloft that gave spice to the proceedings. Soon, divisions down on deck were dancing with excitement as they watched the slow ascent and descent of some lumbering gunner's mate or ship's corporal.

"Come on, Fatty!"

The Pegasus-winged topmen, to whom the ascent was a trifle, leaped up and down on deck with never a thought for the streaming rain, as some rival division, set free by the eventual descent of its last man, rushed joyfully along the deck to the next mast while they were forced to stand and witness the cautious movements of the slowest of their own side.

Up went the men and down, round and across. The Prince of Seitz-Bunau came shrieking round the deck, wild with excitement; Horrocks and Smiley, captains of the two sides, were croaking like crows, their voices failing them with the continual shouting as they organized and encouraged. The cook's mate, who was the last man of the port watch, was already close to the mainmast head when Horrocks, who had reserved himself to be the last of the starboard watch, began the ascent on the other side.

Everyone in the ship seemed to be shouting and gesticulating. Up ran Horrocks, the shrouds vibrating with the ape-like speed of his passage. The cook's mate reached the cross-trees and started down again.

"Come on, Fatty!"

The cook's mate did not even look to see where to put his feet, and he was coming down two ratlines at a time.

Horrocks reached the cross-trees and leaped for the back stay. Down he came, sliding at a speed that must burn his hands. Cook's mate and midshipman reached the deck together, but Horrocks had farther to run to reach his place with his division than did the cook's mate. There was a final yell as both of them staggered gasping to their places, but the cook's mate was first by a full yard, and every eye was turned towards Hornblower.

"Port watch wins!" he announced. "Starboard watch provides the entertainment tomorrow night!"

The port watch cheered again, but the starboard watch—Hornblower was observing them closely—was not humiliated. He could guess that there were plenty of men among them who were not too displeased at the thought of tomorrow exhibiting their talents to an audience, and who were already

planning their turns. He put his speaking-trumpet to his lips again.

"Attention! Mr. Horrocks! Mr. Smiley! Dismiss your teams."

Aft, beside the wardroom door, as Hornblower was returning to his cabin, there was an unusual figure, walking with slow steps, under the supervision of the doctor.

"This is a pleasure, Mr. McCullum," said Hornblower. "It's good to see you out of your bed."

"The incision has entirely healed, sir," said Eisenbeiss, proudly. "Not only are the sutures removed, but I have judged it safe to remove the bristle from the wound, as the drainage was complete."

"Excellent!" said Hornblower. "Then that arm will come out of its sling soon?"

"Within a few days. The broken ribs seem to have knitted well."

"Still a bit stiff round there," said McCullum, feeling his right armpit with his left hand. He was displaying none of his usual ill-temper, but, a convalescent making his first attempt to walk, and with his wound under discussion, he could feel so much in the centre of the picture as to be well disposed towards humanity.

"Well it might be," said Hornblower. "A pistol bullet at twelve paces is not a welcome visitor. We thought we had lost you. At Malta they thought that bullet was in your lungs."

"It would have been easier," said Eisenbeiss, "if he had not been so muscular. The bullet could not be felt in that mass of muscle."

MCCULLUM fished from his left trouser pocket a small object which he handed to Hornblower. "D'you see that?" asked McCullum. It was the bullet which Eisenbeiss had extracted, flattened and irregular. Hornblower had seen it before, but this was not the moment to say so. He marvelled over it in suitable terms, much to McCullum's gratification.

"I think," said Hornblower, "that this occasion should be observed with a fitting ceremony. I shall invite the wardroom to dine with me, and I can ask you two gentlemen first of all."

"Honoured, I'm sure," said McCullum, and Eisenbeiss bowed.

"Let us say tomorrow, then. We can dine in comfort before the entertainment which the starboard watch is providing."

He retired to his cabin well pleased with himself. He had exercised his crew; he had given them something to think about; he had found a suitable occasion to entertain his officers socially; his salvage expert had returned from the jaws of death and in a better temper than usual—all this, and the Speedwell's treasure lay on the Tom Tiddler's Ground of the sandy bottom of the bay, with gold and silver only waiting to be picked up.

His good opinion of himself even enabled him to endure the tedium of the concert given by the starboard watch next night. There were the sentimental songs which a handsome young foretopman sang; Hornblower found their glutinous sentimentality as wearisome to his soul as the music was to his tone-deaf ear. "The Flowers on Mother's Grave" and "The Empty Cradle"—the young seaman squeezed out every lugubrious drop from their funeral substance, and his audience, with the exception of Hornblower, revelled in it.

The hornpipes were more agreeable; Hornblower could admire the lightness and grace of the dancers and could manage to ignore the squeaky sweetness of the flute that accompanied them, played by the same cook's mate whose final effort had won the race for the port watch—his services as accompanist were so necessary, apparently, that they were called for even though the port watch were officially the guests at the concert.

To Hornblower, the most amusing part of the evening's entertainment, in fact, was the difference in attitude between the two watches, the starboard watch as anxious hosts and the port watch as critical guests. He could congratulate himself again at the end

of the evening on a successful piece of work. He had a willing and orderly crew and a satisfied complement of officers.

And next morning came the real triumph, no less satisfactory in that Hornblower stayed on board the ship and allowed McCullum, his arm still in a sling, to go out with launch and longboat and all the new apparatus that had been constructed for the salvage operations. Hornblower stood at the side of the ship, warmed by the newly returned sunshine, as the boats returned. McCullum pointed with his left hand to a vast heap piled between the centre thwarts of the launch, and turned and pointed to another in the longboat.

Silver! The divers must have worked fast down in the depths, shovelling the coins with their hands into the lowered buckets.

The boats came alongside, and a working party prepared to hoist the mass of silver on board. A sudden sharp order by McCullum halted the three Ceylonese divers as they were about to make their way forward to their own particular lair. They looked at him a little sheepishly as he gave a further order in their strange tongue, and repeated it. Then, slowly, they began to take off their clothes. Hornblower had seen them stripping themselves so often before in the days—they seemed weeks ago—when the salvage operations had begun. The voluminous cotton garments came off one by one.

"I'll lay a bet," said McCullum, "they've got fifty pounds between them."

One of the garments gave out a mysterious chink as it was laid on the deck, despite the care of the owner.

"Master at arms!" said Hornblower. "Search those clothes!"

With a grinning crew looking on, the seams and folds of the clothing were emptied of coins—dozens of them.

"They never make a dive," said McCullum, "without trying this on."

Hornblower could only wonder how a naked man, climbing from the sea into a boat could possibly manage to convey silver coins into his clothing unobserved, but anything was possible to human ingenuity.

"That would have made them rich for life if they could have taken it home with them," said McCullum. Reverting to the foreign speech, he dismissed the divers, who picked up their clothes again and vanished, while McCullum turned back to Hornblower. "It might be quicker to weigh this than to count it. If we get it all up there'll be four tons altogether."

SILVER by the ton! The sailmaker stitched sacks out of new canvas to hold it and, just as in the lost Speedwell, the lower lazarette was cleared to store it. And Hornblower found there was a profound truth in the story of Midas, who received the gift of the Golden Touch not so very far from where Atropos swung at anchor. Just as Midas lost his happiness at a moment when the world must have deemed him the happiest man on earth, so Hornblower lost his happiness at this moment of success.

For as the silver was piled in the lazarette, so he came to worry about the coins. He was in no doubt about the ingenuity and persistence and skill of the seamen under his orders; nor was he in doubt about the criminal pasts of many of them, the sweepings of Newgate Jail. Tales innumerable were told about the remarkable ways in which seamen managed to steal liquor, but the man who stole liquor inevitably revealed himself sooner or later. This was money, English coins, and there was only a frail wooden bulkhead to keep out thieves.

So, as in the Speedwell, the bulkheads and decks were reinforced by stout timbers nailed across them; the careful and well-planned arrangement of the stores in the hold had to be altered so that the biggest beef casks, the ones that could only be moved by block and tackle, were ranged outside the bulkheads to hinder thieves from

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.



JONATHAN STATE'S doctor grunted with satisfaction as he concluded his examination of his patient. "Well, Mr. State," he said, "the infection's cleared up nicely. I think we can make this your last visit. You might have had a nasty case of dermatitis, though."

"Thank you, Doctor," replied Jonathan. "If you will tell me how much I owe you, I should like to pay you now. I'm leaving tomorrow for a trip abroad."

The doctor consulted his little book. "Now let me see," he said. "Ah, yes. That will be exactly eight guineas."

"Eight guineas!" echoed Jonathan in surprise. "Oh well," and he counted out the notes and silver on the desk.

Jonathan crossed to put on his hat and coat. When he turned, the money had gone and the doctor was scribbling busily on a pad. He peered over his spectacles to wish Jonathan good day.

Jonathan hesitated. "There's the matter of the receipt," he ventured.

"You don't really require a

receipt," said the doctor with a disarming smile.

"Oh, but I most certainly do," replied Jonathan. "I should like it now, if you please."

The doctor sighed. "If you insist," he said, and took a battered receipt book from a desk drawer. He filled in a voucher, and handed it over.

"There's no stamp on it," snapped Jonathan, by this time thoroughly annoyed. "This receipt must have a twopenny stamp, because I paid you more than two pounds."

"Stuff and nonsense," retorted the doctor. "I don't happen to have a stamp, in any case. If you require a stamp, I suggest you affix one yourself. Now, sir, I'm a busy man. You have my signed receipt for your money. Good day."

"I shall see my solicitor about this," shouted Jonathan, as he stomped out. "Not only am I overcharged, but I am rudely refused a proper legal receipt."

For his part, the doctor settled down to his work, confident that the whole thing was a fuss over nothing.

What is your verdict? For the legal position see page 39

breaking through. And, even then, Hornblower spent wakeful nights visualizing the situation of the lower lazarette and wondering, first, how he would set about breaking into it, and, second, how he would defeat such an attempt.

These feelings intensified each day as the piles of sacks of silver grew larger; and they grew ten times more intense on the triumphant day when McCullum's divers reached the gold.

McCullum knew his work; no doubt about that. One day he told Hornblower of the discovery of one of the chests of gold; the next morning Hornblower watched launch and longboat start off with strongbacks erected in their sterns, and blocks and tackles rigged on them, miles of line coiled in readiness, timbers, buckets, everything that human ingenuity could think of for use in this new task.

Hornblower watched through his glass as the boats lay together over the wreck. He saw the divers go down

and come up again, time after time. He saw the weighted lines lowered from the tackles; more than once, he saw the hands begin to haul in on the falls and then desist while another diver went down, presumably to clear the line.

Then at the end he saw the hands haul in again, and stay at work, hauling in, coiling down, until at last, between the two boats, something broke water and a yell of exultation came echoing over to the ship.

It was something quite large which was gingerly swung into the stern of the launch—Hornblower could see the stern of the launch sink and the bows rise as the weight was transferred. His calculations had already told him that a cubic foot of gold weighed half a ton—and gold was at a premium, five guineas in paper or more to the ounce. That was a king's ransom; Hornblower looked at it as the launch came pulling back alongside, a strange object lying

in the bottom of the boat, half-obscured by weed.

"Those must be wrought iron bars on it," said McCullum, standing beside him while Jones fussily supervised the transfer to the ship, "and best Sussex iron at that. Steel would have rusted to nothing a year ago, but some of those bars are still whole. The weeds growing from the oak must have been a yard long—my boys had to trim 'em off before they got the tackles round."

The chest sank to the deck; there were little dribbles of water still flowing from inside it. The gold that lay concealed inside it would have built, armed and equipped the whole Atropos, have filled her holds with stores for a year, have provided a month's advance pay for the crew, and still have left a handsome balance.

"Well, that's one of them," said McCullum. "I have a feeling that it won't be so easy to get up the other two. This is the easiest job I've ever done, so far. We've been lucky—inexperienced as you are, you will never know how lucky."

BUT Hornblower knew how lucky he was. Lucky that McCullum had survived a pistol shot in the ribs; lucky that the divers had survived the journey all round Africa from India to Asia Minor; lucky—incredibly lucky—that the Turks had been so complacent, allowing him to carry out the salvage operation in the bay without guessing what he was doing and without interfering. He was the most fortunate man on earth; fortunate, he told himself, and yet at the same time he owed some of his success to his own merits.

He had been clever in his handling of the mudir. It had been a cunning move to accept a bribe to stay here anchored in the bay, to appear reluctant to do the very thing he wanted most to do. Collingwood would approve, no doubt. He had recovered the silver; he had recovered one-third of the gold already. He would receive a pat on the back from authority, even if McCullum should find it impossible to recover the rest.

These Mediterranean mornings were beautiful. It was a pleasure to come and take a turn on deck as the dawn brightened into daylight. But today he was not quite as fortunate as usual, because instead of indulging in solitary thought he had to give some attention to McCullum and his problems.

"We'll have one more try along the present lines," said McCullum. "I'll send the boys down again today and hear what they have to say. But I'm afraid that chest is out of reach at present. I came to suspect that yesterday."

Two days ago, the second of the three chests of gold had been recovered, but only after an explosive charge had blown a wide entrance into the wreck.

"Yes," said Hornblower, "that was the substance of your report."

"It's not easy to make 'em go down right in among the wreckage."

"I shouldn't think it is," said Hornblower.

In the dimly lit depths, under the intolerable weight of a hundred feet of water, to hold one's breath, suffocating, and to make one's way in among the tangled timbers, must be a frightful thing to do.

"The deck sloped away from the gap in the side, and I fancy the last explosion sent that third chest through and down. The whole wreck's on top of it now," said McCullum.

"Then what do you propose to do?"

"It'll be a couple of weeks' work, I expect. I'll use half a dozen charges—with flying-fuses, of course—and blow the whole wreck to pieces. But I must inform you officially that the result may still be unsatisfactory."

"You mean you may not recover the gold even then?"

"I may not."

Two-thirds of the gold and nearly all the silver lay already in the lower lazarette of the Atropos—a good second-best, but as unsatisfactory as any other second-best.

"I'm sure you'll do the best you

can, Mr. McCullum," said Hornblower.

Already the morning breeze was blowing. The first gentle breaths had swung Atropos round from where she lay completely inert upon the water. Now she rode to her anchor again, with a fair breeze coursing along her deck. Hornblower felt it about his ears.

And for the last few seconds something had been troubling him. Subconsciously he had become aware of something, while he had addressed that final sentence to McCullum, like a gnat seen out of the corner of his eye. He looked over at the pine-clad slopes of Ada peninsula, at the square outline of the fort on the summit. The beauty of the morning seemed suddenly to turn harsh and grey; the feeling of intense well-being was suddenly replaced by sharp apprehension.

"Give me that glass," he snapped at the master's mate of the watch.

BUT there was really no need for the glass; Hornblower's powers of deduction had already reinforced his naked eye; the telescope merely revealed what he was sure he would see. He saw a flag waving over the fort on the peninsula—the red flag of Turkey, where no flag had flown yesterday, nor ever since his arrival in the Bay of Marmorice.

There could be only one conclusion. There was a garrison in that fort now; troops must have come back to Marmorice—they must have manned the guns of the fort.

He was a fool, a stupid, insensitive idiot, blinded by his own complacency. Now that the revelation had come to him his mind worked feverishly. He had been utterly deceived; the mudir, with his white beard and his innocent anxiety, had played upon him the very trick he thought he was playing himself—had lulled him into self-confidence, gaining time for troops to be gathered while he thought he was gaining time to carry out the salvage operation. With bitter self-contempt, it dawned upon him that all the work on the wreck must have been carefully noted from the shore. Even the Turks had telescopes—they must have seen all that was done. They must know of the treasure being recovered, and now they had manned the guns guarding the exit, shutting him in.

From where he stood, aft, he could not see Passage Island—Red Cliff Point lay in line with it. Without a word to the astonished master's mate, he ran forward and threw himself into the foremast shrouds. He ran up them, gasping for breath, as fast as any of the competitors in that foolish relay race.

There was a flag flying above the fort on Passage Island, too; and the guns there could cross their fire with those on Ada and sweep the entrance, could sweep also the tortuous passage between the island and Kaia Rock.

The cork was in the bottle. He and the Atropos were trapped.

Not by guns alone. The easterly sun, shining behind him, was reflected back from far off in the Rhodes Channel by three geometrical shapes close together on the horizon, two rectangles and a triangle—the sails of a big ship, a Turkish ship, obviously. Equally obvious was the fact that it could not be pure coincidence that the hoisting of the flags on the forts occurred at the same moment that those sails appeared.

Hornblower was sunk in despair as he clung to his lofty perch, glass in hand; to the despair of a man faced by overwhelming odds was added the frightful self-contempt of a man who found himself out-tricked, out-deceived. The memory of his recent self-congratulation was like the echoing laughter of a crowd of scornful spectators, drowning his thoughts and paralysing his mental processes.

It was a bad moment, up there at the fore topmast head, perhaps the worst moment Hornblower had ever known. Self-control came back slowly, even though hope remained quite absent. Looking again through his glass at the approaching sails, Hornblower found that the telescope was

trembling with the shaking of his hands, the eyepiece blinding him by vibrating against his eyelashes. He could admit to himself that he was a fool—bitter though such an admission might be—but he could not admit to himself that he was a coward—at least, not that kind of coward.

There was a horrible moment when Hornblower thought how easy something else would be. He had only to let go his hold, to fall, down, down, to a final crash upon the deck and the end of all this; no need for further effort; the end, oblivion.

That would be far easier than to face, trying to appear not to notice, the pity or contempt of his fellow men.

Then he told himself again that he was not that kind of coward. He was calm now; the sweat that had streamed down him lay cold upon his skin. He shut the telescope with a click that sounded clear amid the noise of the wind about his ears. He had no idea what he was going to do, but it was a healing mechanical exercise to set himself to descend the rigging, to lodge first one foot and then the other upon the ratlines, to make sure that despite

ship could be swung even though she was stationary, and her guns trained to sweep a different arc at will.

Midshipman Smiley went off with the hawser end in the longboat; Jones, running forward, bellowed himself hoarse through his speaking-trumpet with instructions to Smiley, to the man beside him at the capstan, to the man aft with the hawser. Cable was taken in; cable was paid out.

"Spring's ready, sir."

"Very well, Mr. Jones. Hoist in the longboat and clear for action."

"Er—aye aye, sir. Pipe 'hands to quarters.' Clear for action. Drummer! Beat to quarters."

There was no marine detachment in a little ship like Atropos. The ship's boy, who had been appointed drummer, set his sticks rolling on his drumhead. That warlike sound—there was nothing quite as martial as the rolling of a drum—would drift over the water and would bear a message of defiance to the shore.

"Guns loaded and run out, if you please, Mr. Jones!"

"Aye aye, sir."

Mr. Jones was startled again. In

present fashions in European navies dictated.

But the feature which first caught the eye was the lateen rig on the mizzen mast; it was more than thirty years since the last lateen mizzen in the Royal Navy had been replaced by the square mizzen topsail. When Hornblower had first seen her through his glass the triangular peak of her mizzen beside her two square topsails had revealed her nationality unmistakably to him. She must be almost the last survivor of the small, clumsy ships of the line that had now been replaced by the stately seventy-four; small, clumsy, but all the same with a weight of metal that could lay the tiny Atropos into a splintered wreck at one broadside.

"That's a broad pendant, Mr. Jones," said Hornblower. "Salute her."

He spoke out of the side of his mouth, for he had his glass trained on her. Her gun ports were closed; on her lofty forecabin he could see men scurrying like ants, making ready to anchor. She was crowded with men; as she took in sail it was strange to see men balanced across the sloping mizzen yard—Hornblower had never expected to see a sight like that in his life, especially as the men wore long, loose shirts like gowns which flapped round them as they hung over the yard.

The nine-pounder forward gave its sharp bang—some powder boy must have run fast below to bring up the one-pound saluting charges—and a puff of smoke, followed by a report, showed that the Turkish ship was replying. She had goose-winged her main topsail—another outlandish sight in these circumstances—and was slowly coming into the bay towards them.

"Mr. Turner! Come here, please, to interpret. Mr. Jones, send some hands to the capstan, if you please. Take in on the spring if necessary so that the guns bear."

The Turkish ship glided on.

"Hail her," said Hornblower to Turner.

A SHOUT came back from her. "She's the Mejidieh, sir," reported Turner. "I've seen her before."

"Tell her to keep her distance."

Turner hailed through his speaking trumpet, but the Mejidieh still came on.

"Tell her to keep off. Mr. Jones! Take in on the spring. Stand by at the guns, there!"

Closer and closer came the Mejidieh, and as she did so the Atropos swung round, keeping her guns pointed at her.

Hornblower picked up the speaking trumpet.

"Keep off, or I'll fire into you!"

She altered course almost imperceptibly and glided by, close enough for Hornblower to see the faces that lined the side, faces with moustaches and faces with beards; mahogany-coloured faces, almost chocolate-coloured faces. Hornblower watched her go by. She rounded-to, with the goose-winged main topsail close-hauled, held her new course for a few seconds, and then took in her sail, came to the wind and anchored, a quarter of a mile away. The excitement of action ebbed away in Hornblower, and the old depression returned. A buzz of talk went up from the men clustered at the guns—it was quite irrepressible by now, with this remarkable new arrival.

"The lateener's heading this way, sir," reported Horrocks.

From the promptitude with which she appeared she must have been awaiting the Mejidieh's arrival. Hornblower saw her pass close under the Mejidieh's stern; he could almost hear the words that she exchanged with the ship, and then she came briskly up close alongside the Atropos. There in the stern was the whitebearded mudir, hailing them.

"He wants to come on board, sir," reported Turner.

"Let him come," said Hornblower. "I'll see him down in my cabin."

Down in the cabin the mudir looked just the same as before. His lean face



the weakness he felt he accomplished the descent in safety.

And, having set foot on deck, it was further good exercise to try to appear quite unruffled and unperturbed, the grain of dust unchanging in the whirlwind, even though he had a feeling that his cheeks were pale under their sunburn. Habit was a useful thing, too; to put back his head and bellow an order could set his mechanism working again, as the stopped clock would start to tick again and would go on ticking after a single shake.

"Mr. McCullum! Belay those arrangements, if you please. Officer of the watch! Pipe all hands. Get the launch hoisted in. Leave the longboat for the present."

A surprised Jones came hurrying on deck at the call of all hands.

"Mr. Jones! Get a hawser passed out through a stern port. I want a spring on the cable."

"A spring, sir? Aye aye, sir."

IT was a minute compensation for his own misery to see how a glance called forth the last three words after the astonished utterance of the first three.

Men who went to sea, and ten times more so men who went to sea in a fighting ship, must be ready for the execution of the most unexpected orders, at any moment, even the shattering of the routine of a peaceful morning by an order to put a spring on the cable—a hawser passed out through a stern port and made fast to the anchor cable, so that by hauling in on the spring with the capstan the

a mere exercise of clearing for action it was usual merely to simulate the loading of the guns; otherwise, when the exercise ended, there was the difficulty and waste of drawing wads and charges. At the cry, the powder-boys went scurrying to bring up from below the cartridges that Mr. Clout was laying out in the magazine. Some gun captain gave a yell as he flung his weight on the tackle to run out his gun.

"Silence!"

The men were well enough behaved; despite the excitement of the moment they had worked in silence save for that one yell. Much drill and relentless discipline showed their effects.

"Cleared for action, sir!" reported Jones.

"Thank you, Mr. Jones."

Hornblower spoke a trifle absently; his gaze was not towards Jones, but was directed far away. Automatically Jones followed his glance.

"Good God!" said Jones.

A big ship was rounding Red Cliff Point, entering into the bay. Every one else saw her at the same moment, and a babble of exclamation arose.

"Silence, there!"

A big ship, gaudily painted in red and yellow, coming in under topsails, a broad pendant at her mainmast head and the flag of the Prophet at her peak.

She was a great clumsy craft, old-fashioned in the extreme, carrying two tiers of guns so that her sides were unnaturally high for her length; and her beam was unnaturally wide, and her bowsprit steved higher than

was as impassive as ever; at least he showed no signs of triumph. He could play a winning game like a gentleman; Hornblower, without a single trump card in his hand, was determined to show that he could play a losing game like a gentleman, too.

"Explain to him," he said to Turner, "that I regret there is no coffee to offer him. No fires when the ship's cleared for action."

The mudir was gracious about the absence of coffee, as he indicated by a gesture. There was a polite interchange of compliments which Turner hardly troubled to translate, before he approached the business in hand.

"He says his superior, the vali, is in Marmorice with his army. He says the forts at the mouth are manned and the guns loaded."

"Tell him I know that."

"He says that ship's the Mejdieh, sir, with fifty-six guns and a thousand men."

"Tell him I know that, too."

The mudir stroked his beard before taking the next step.

"He says the vali was very angry when he heard we'd been taking treasure from the bottom of the bay."

"Tell him it is British treasure."

"He says it was lying in the Sultan's waters, and all wrecks belong to the Sultan."

In England all wrecks belonged to the King.

"Tell him the Sultan and King George are friends."

HE had to wait awhile, for the mudir's reply to that was lengthy. "No good, sir," said Turner. "He says Turkey's at peace with France now and so is neutral. He said—he said that we have no more rights here than if we were Neapolitans, sir."

There could not be any greater expression of contempt anywhere in the Levant.

"Ask him if he has ever seen a Neapolitan with guns run out and matches burning."

It was a losing game that Hornblower was playing, but he was not going to throw in his cards and yield all the tricks without a struggle, even though he could see no possibility of winning even one. The mudir stroked his beard again; with his expressionless eyes he looked straight at Hornblower, and straight through him, as he spoke.

"He must have been watching everything through a telescope from shore, sir," commented Turner, "or it may have been those fishing boats. At any rate, he knows about the gold and the silver, and it's my belief, sir, that they've known there was treasure in the wreck for years. That secret



"And there's another thing—I don't like the distracting way you hold your breath"

wasn't as well kept as they thought it was in London."

"I can draw my own conclusions, Mr. Turner, thank you."

Whatever the mudir knew or guessed, Hornblower was not going to admit anything.

"Tell him we have been delighted with the pleasure of his company."

The mudir, when that was translated to him, allowed a flicker of a change of expression to pass over his face. But when he spoke it was with the same flatness of tone.

"He says that if we hand over all we have recovered so far the vali will allow us to remain here and keep whatever else we find," reported Turner.

Turner displayed some small concern as he translated, and yet in his old man's face the most noticeable expression was one of curiosity; he bore no responsibility, and he could allow himself the luxury—the pleasure—of wondering how his captain was going to receive this demand.

"Tell him," said Hornblower, "that my master King George will be angry when he hears that such a thing has been said to me, his servant, and that

his friend the Sultan will be angry when he hears what his servant has said."

But the mudir was unmoved by any suggestion of international complications. It would take a long, long time for a complaint to travel from Marmorice to London and then back to Constantinople. And Hornblower could guess that a very small proportion of a quarter of a million sterling, laid out in the proper quarter, would buy the support of the vizier for the vali. The mudir's face was quite unrelenting—a frightened child might have a nightmare about a face as heartless as that.

"Damn it," said Hornblower. "I won't do it."

THERE was nothing he wanted more in this world than to break through the iron serenity of the mudir.

"Tell him," said Hornblower, "I'll drop the gold back into the bay sooner than hand it over. By God, I will. I'll drop it down to the bottom and they can fish for it themselves, which they can't do. Tell him I swear that, by—the by the Koran, or the beard of the

Prophet, or whatever they swear by."

Turner nodded in surprised approval; that was a move he had not thought of, and he addressed himself eagerly to the task of translation. The mudir listened with his eternal patience.

"No, it's no good, sir," said Turner, after the mudir had replied. "You can't frighten him that way. He says—"

Turner was interrupted by a fresh sentence from the mudir.

"He says that after this ship has been seized, the idolaters—that's the Ceylonese divers, sir—will work for him just as they work for us."

Hornblower, desperate, thought wildly of cutting the divers' throats after throwing the treasure overboard; that would be consonant with this oriental atmosphere, but before he could put the frightful thought into words the mudir spoke again, and at considerable length.

"He says wouldn't it be better to go back with some treasure, sir—whatever more we can recover—than to lose everything? He says—he says—I beg your pardon, sir, but he says that if this ship is seized for breaking the law, your name would not be held in respect by King George."

ELEGANT phrasing, indeed. Hornblower could well imagine what their Lordships of the Admiralty would say. Even at the best, even if he fought it out to the last man, London would not look with favour on the man who had precipitated an international crisis and whose behaviour necessitated sending a squadron and an army into the Levant to restore British prestige at a moment when every ship and man was needed to fight Bonaparte. And at worst—Hornblower could picture his little ship suddenly overwhelmed by a thousand boarders, seized, emptied of the treasure, and then dismissed with contemptuous indulgence for him to take back to Malta with a tale, possibly of outrage, but certainly of failure.

It took every ounce of his moral strength to conceal his despair and dismay—from Turner as well as from the mudir—and as it was he sat silent for a while, shaken, like a boxer in the ring trying to rally after a blow had slipped through his guard. Like a boxer, he needed time to recover.

"Very well," he said at length, "tell him I must think over all this. Tell him it is too important for me to make up my mind now."

"He says," translated Turner when the mudir replied, "he says he will come tomorrow morning to receive the treasure."

To be continued next week

ALONG MY LINE

Continued from page 15

about of furniture and general breaking up of his clockwork routine. We rehearsed over and over again, selecting various representative guests and staff and making them run through their brief lines till all was perfect.

Then the planners in London decided to cut our time from four to three minutes. The next day it was reduced from three to two minutes. On Christmas Eve we received the final blow. The B.B.C. could give us only a minute on the air. Most of the guests who had patiently rehearsed their lines, staff who had borne our intrusions with fortitude, had to be told that they would not be needed for the broadcast after all.

To my horror I found that one or two of the guests whom I had agreed to interview had gone to the trouble of notifying their friends and relations across the length and breadth of Canada. One girl had even telephoned her mother and father in Chislehurst, Kent, telling them to stand by to hear her on Christmas Day. I turned somersaults in my attempts to keep her in, and did actually get her a few seconds on the air.

I went down into the States as often as I possibly could, confining my travels largely to the northern parts. I would very much have liked to

spend some time south of the Mason-Dixon line, but on the whole I am glad I did not, because even in the north the prejudice against coloured people is painful and, to me, inexplicable.

After one last delirious fling in New York I found myself at sea, heading for England and home.

The problem now was—what next?

I was on the unestablished staff of the B.B.C., and the corporation was getting rid of people rather than taking them on. There was no room for me in my old department of Outside Broadcasting, so for a while I was attached to the Overseas Service.

By now, I knew I had sufficient broadcasting experience to play a leading part in popular radio programmes, provided those features needed an expert talker. By this I do not mean a prettifier of polite language: the B.B.C. is surfeited with such mannered gentry. I mean one who is willing to speak up and speak out without undue circumlocution or ambiguity. Someone, in fact, who is willing to call a spade a spade.

Many of my old colleagues were now star performers. While I had been in Canada in comparative obscurity, these fine radio craftsmen had become established in the public mind and heart as household names. And I? Well, for a time it seemed I would either find myself jobless or shelved in

some obscure department relaying potted culture to Hadramat tribesmen.

From time to time I would be interviewed for jobs on the staff. Being unsuccessful in my applications for the jobs I wanted and quite unable to accept the ones they offered me, I felt myself becoming more and more of a square peg. It did not appeal to me to become a writer of news bulletins in Basic English for translation into Japanese. Nor was I attracted by the idea of becoming an assistant producer

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IN KHAKI**

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Begins in John Bull
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FULL DETAILS NEXT WEEK

of broadcasts to Bulgaria in the European Service.

The prospect of freelancing had now to be considered. This I faced with the gravest misgiving. I was horrified by the sight of out-of-work actors and B.B.C. rejects who spent their lives in pubs near Broadcasting House, hoping to catch the eye of a producer.

Still, I was in a fairly strong position. I had, after all, a few colleagues at Broadcasting House who knew my working background and the kind of medium to which I made the most effective contribution. Then one day I heard some news which made the prospect of freelancing inevitable.

The very popular *Transatlantic Quiz*, which had been carried on between a London team and a team in New York, had to be abandoned by the B.B.C. owing to the lack of dollars. The corporation wanted something to put in its place. So Bill Newton, who had been B.B.C. representative in Chicago, conceived a *Round Britain Quiz* on the same lines as the *Transatlantic Quiz*. Only this time, while the home team was still based in London, somebody was to go around the regions as a kind of travelling question master.

Would I do it? I thought for less than a minute and said, "Yes."

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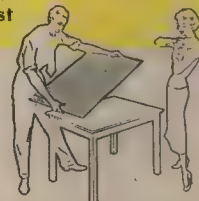
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A GIRL AMONG THE MEN

Continued from page 11

directing the crew into the launch; and I saw Bill and Janie sitting there with some older hands, the peaveys between their knees. Then away they slid, moving to the far shore and down stream, though you'd have said there was never passage for a boat through that churning timber.

The mists swallowed them, and I turned along the bank, following the *chug-a-chug-chug* of the engine.

Hard by Arkwright's Acres, I reached the head of the pile-up; a great tangled arc of timber, logs piled one on the other, some standing upright as if they'd taken root. The launch was halted at the distant tip of the arc, the crewmen were moving from log to log, searching for the key timber. I watched them moving slowly towards me, prodding with their peaveys, slipping, swearing. Then Bill Peters, knee-deep in froth, let out the warning yell: "Kee-hee-ol!" For maybe ten minutes I lost him in a cluster of heaving bodies.

What came next happened quicker than I can tell. A score more yells, and the whole mighty mass of timber started to sag, as if a giant sickle was being slowly driven through it. The men were beating it back for the boat on winged boots. But not Bill Peters.

He must have slipped, but I didn't observe that. There he was, covered to his neck and yelling panic, and his hands slid uselessly on a spinning timber. I saw Janie turn back. I gave a shout but she didn't heed. I saw her straining with her peavey on Bill's log. The log lurched; she jumped and made the end of it fairly, and held her balance. And somehow Bill was straddling the log, and he turned his head to her and waved his hand. I saw Janie laugh back.

Then the current caught them. They sped away round the bend with a thousand logs milling and bobbing after them.

NEXT morning Tom took the launch down river, searching for the corpses. He never found them. Nor there weren't any corpses shored in the hundred odd miles between Tocahee and the mill. The general opinion held that they'd been driven deep into mid-river mud by weight of timber, and there they'd rest for all eternity.

Tom never gave one sign of grief. That wasn't his way, I guess. But when the drive was finished, he told us it was his last. He was getting too old for such fierce labours, he said.

Myself, I was mighty puzzled about those missing corpses. I've never heard of a drowned man who didn't bob up sooner or later. Then it struck me there were other possibilities—like, for instance, a log getting shored on the southern bank.

I pondered this hard. And this winter I journeyed by easy stages into the southern hardwood country. In the timber yard at West Bay I came on a young chap smoking a briar and checking logs for milling. Yes, Bill Peters. I'd have made a good detective, I reckon.

Bill told me how him and Janie was shored up by Tuke's Bend, how they laid up in the woods two or three nights on account of his dislocated shoulder, and how at last they came out to Breen Heights where he had his friends, and where they were churched by the old preacher. Then Bill brought me out to his new home south of West Bay, a regular clapboard palace still reeking of paint. Janie was away at hospital just then, being engaged in a woman's age-old miracle, but she sent word I should stay put till she come back and had a good talk with me.

I've stayed put these many weeks. But come the spring weather, we're journeying north to give Tom Jensen the shaking of his life. His temper being what it is, that's chancy, doubtless. If this grandchild of Tom's was a gal, I shouldn't fancy being present at the interview between him and Bill and Janie. But it's a boy, and I'm certainly intrigued to see how he will take it.

THE END



"... And now we come to the actual bequests ..."

AMAZON HEADHUNTERS

Continued from page 28

the *wishnu*, Tuki, going through the same performance with his two young sons. The witchdoctor was bringing home his message with a *tsantsa* in his hand which he showed to the boys, shaking it in their faces. I snapped a picture of this scene, which annoyed Tuki and brought his lecture to an end.

The next day had been set aside for community fishing. It was a festive and gay occasion and almost everyone in the *jivaria* took part. The women had gathered branches of the *barbasco* plant, which is cultivated for the purpose of poisoning, or rather, stupefying, fish. The children had already rushed ahead to the stream when I started out with the men, to see if the dam was still all right and perhaps to pile more rocks on it.

When we came to the stream, about fifteen minutes' walk from the *jivaria*, I saw what they meant. The stream itself was not large, having a width of about fifteen feet. At one point, where two boulders projected into the water and narrowed the brook, piles of rocks had been heaped up. It was not a complete dam, by any means, for a good deal of water gurgled through and over the rocks. It stopped it sufficiently, however, to back up a spreading body of water for forty or fifty feet.

Fishing With Poison

The women and children, and some of the men, went immediately to the dam, but I wanted to watch the spreading of the narcotic *barbasco*. Juanga and Tuki and two other *Jivaros* took the branches, placed them on flat rocks, and pounded them repeatedly with other rocks, until the branches were torn and bruised and oozing sap. When they had a fair quantity prepared, they waded into the water together, just where it spread out in the artificial bay, and tossed the lacerated branches evenly over the surface. The movement of the stream carried the poison slowly towards the others waiting near the dam.

In less than ten minutes we saw fish leaping from the water as if trying to get away from it. Others swam frantically, near the surface, towards the dam, ahead of the poisoned stream; some slipped through in the little waterfalls that poured over the rocks; others were trapped and soon turned over on their sides and floated with only feeble movements or none at all.

The *Jivaros* leaped into the water with joyful shouts, lunging for the stupefied fish. Up came Ambusha, Peruche's youngest son, with a fish in each hand and one in his mouth; he rushed to the shore and tossed his trophies in a big fibre basket and dashed into the water again.

Fascinated, I watched for a few minutes as men and women, boys and girls, snatched the fish, laughing and shouting uproariously. Then, without quite realizing it, I was in the midst of them, snatching at feebly swimming fish. I even tucked one in my mouth as I glimpsed another that might get away if I didn't grab it. I think I picked up

twenty fish in the next few minutes, and I waded ashore, laughing and tired, to take up my camera and get some pictures.

At the end of my third week with Peruche I began to feel uneasy in the stomach. There was nothing particularly painful or disturbing—only occasional feelings of distress. I thought my stomach was rebelling slightly at food it was unaccustomed to, and that in a few days I would feel better. I convinced myself of this because I did not want to miss going on a long hunt with Juanga and two other *Jivaros*.

Good Luck Charms

Pablo went along with me and the three warriors, and also three of the women who carried huge fibre baskets with cooking jars, *nijimanche*, yuca, plantains. The men painted their faces with *achiote* and with fresh markings from the eyebrow pencils I had given them. They filled their pouches with toucan feathers and other ornaments they could put on if they should visit another *jivaria* en route, as well as certain small bones and shells which were good luck charms for the hunt.

They spent the late afternoon before the hunt preparing their poisoned darts. They took small gourds, about three inches in diameter, containing thick, gummy material that looked like rather dark chocolate. Juanga licked the sharp end of a dart in his mouth, then carefully plastered the dark substance on the point, using a small flat stick which he dipped into the gourd. He stuck the dart in the ground, point up, near the fire. And so on, until he had two long rows of poisoned darts.

The poison was curare, of course, the favourite for so many years of crime-story writers. It has been built up as a mysterious and malevolent poison of almost supernatural potency, containing unknown ingredients and having no antidote. The facts are that you can take it in your mouth and swallow it without ill effects—Juanga demonstrated this for me smilingly—and the antidote for it is plain salt.

Witchdoctor's Brew

Curare is an effective poison, all right, but only when introduced into the bloodstream directly; that's why it can be swallowed. And although the *Jivaro wishnu* who makes curare—he usually has a monopoly—mashes up at least two vines, a pepper, a root, several leaves and later adds spiders, ants and other ingredients to the boiling mixture, only one of these items, a vine, makes the poison.

As for the salt antidote, it may not always work, especially if the dose of poison is strong and it has been in the system some time. But the *Jivaro* may paralyse a monkey with the poisoned dart and then revive it with salt if he wants to give it as a live pet to his children. They do not worry about an effective antidote for humans because they never use it on other men and women. They believe that the blowpipe and curare were given to them for hunting and if they use them to kill men

they will lose all effectiveness on animals and birds. The fact is that it would probably make a poor weapon in war. A man would have to be filled with darts before the poison would have much effect.

The next morning we were on our way as the sun rose. The *Jivaros* were making no effort to be quiet for the first hour or two, but I could not hear a sound as they walked through the jungle. Once, when Pablo and I were at the rear of the column, I halted him for a moment. We listened. Although six *Indians* were still in sight of us, we could hear absolutely nothing. Even the women made no sound as they trudged along carrying the heavy baskets.

Sounds In The Jungle

The hunters were always on the alert, but we saw no game before we stopped for a midday meal. During the afternoon the hunters bagged three monkeys, which were then wrapped in leaves and stuffed into the women's baskets. That night we ate another meal and slept on the ground. Strangely, I did not feel at all uneasy, although I heard sounds in the jungle around me that might have been jaguars. I knew that as long as the *Jivaros* slept peacefully all was well.

On the fourth day of the hunt I felt weak. There was no doubt now that I had a bad attack of dysentery—my first real sickness in all my years of travelling. Juanga showed deep concern and debated with his fellows as to the best procedure to follow. We were far from Peruche's *jivaria*, I knew, even if we went back by the most direct route.

Juanga finally decided that the best thing to do was to visit a *jivaria* nearby, the clanhouse of a friendly group although not of the same sub-tribe as Peruche's. There I could rest more comfortably for a day or so, get better food for my ailing stomach. I had no other suggestions, so I trudged along wearily, feeling too miserable to be embarrassed at spoiling the hunting trip.

We heard the boom of a big signal drum in a short while. Juanga and the others stopped and talked excitedly with each other. From Pablo I learned that the drumming was a signal of war—war being launched by the men of the *jivaria* we planned to visit!

I wanted to turn round and go back that instant, but Juanga finally decided that all would be well. Peruche's group and this clan of Asapi had always been at peace. Asapi had an age-old enemy farther to the east, on the tributaries of the Morona River. I did not like to barge in on preparations for a war, but Juanga assured me that the signal on the drum meant that Asapi and his men were leaving to travel to the Morona and attack the enemy *jivarias*. If Asapi expected attack the signal would have been different.

On Lookout For Spies

We approached the Asapi *jivaria* cautiously, making many signals, and were challenged by fierce-looking warriors. All *Jivaros* are on the lookout for spies, because they are all over the *Jivaro* country. But they accepted Juanga and his fellows: they knew Pablo. I was the only suspect, but Juanga's vouching for me and my own too obvious sickness calmed their suspicions.

Inside the *jivaria* there were about twenty-five warriors, tense, excited, over-stimulated. I realized that they had been drinking *nateema* or *maikoa*, the narcotic drinks, probably for several days, not to mention vast quantities of *nijimanche*. Before a raid many warriors drink the narcotics, and the leader of the expedition always does, to learn from the spirits in his dreams what success will be achieved. The dreams had been very propitious, it was obvious, for this group was exuding fury and smelling triumph already.

I was placed on a platform bed at one side of the *jivaria* and, after a short ritual greeting, brought *nijimanche*, which I refused, and boiled yuca. I asked for plantain and boiled water, nothing else. When the water was brought it was scarcely warm, and I had to insist that it be taken back and put on the fire until it boiled. When this was done I lay back wearily. Juanga and the others ate and joined me, to keep out of the way of the preparations for the war expedition.

I got almost no rest that night. At

about midnight Asapi's warriors lined up in two rows, facing each other, and danced the noisy lance dance. They chanted at the top of their voices, lunged forward threateningly, waved their lances acting as if they were about to kill each other. The loud chant sounded somewhat like that of the formal greeting, but with more blood-thirstiness in the tone. Pablo explained to me that the shouts were chiefly exhortations to each other. "How brave we are! Tomorrow we kill! I kill my enemy this way! He will not kill me! We shall make *tsantsas*!"

Through narcotics, through *nijimanche*, and through these brave words they were actually screwing up their courage, rousing their lust for blood and revenge. It was an unbelievable sight, for the men were painted with much black *sua* and had their hair dressed with their finest feathers. If their heads were to be taken, they would at least look their best!

Despite the noise and the rare spectacle I was witnessing, I drifted off to half-sleep occasionally, to be roused and frightened out of my wits by a new burst of blood-curdling cries from the warriors. I looked at Asapi, the *curaka*, and saw that his eyes were glazed and far away from the effects of the *nateema* he had been drinking. How could a man in this condition carry out a raid successfully? For he was the leader of the war party, and at such a time the *curaka*'s word is absolute law.

Land Of Evil Spirits

Then I learned that the Indians would have to travel three days before reaching the *jivarias* of their enemies. By that time all would be sober and alert. I asked for the cause of the war, but could not learn it. It was not desire for land, I knew, for no Jivaro ever fights for economic reasons. He hates the land of his enemies, filled as it is with evil spirits, and tries to get away from it as soon as possible. He wants nothing that belongs to his enemy but his head and perhaps his younger wives.

Shortly before dawn the war party prepared to leave. The women, who had remained in their section of the house most of this time, came out and said goodbye. I saw then that a dozen of them were also prepared for travelling, with heavy fibre baskets on their backs. They would accompany the warriors, carrying food and *nijimanche*. I saw, too, that four boys, about ten or eleven, were preparing to go along.

One by one the warriors, the women, and the boys marched out of the door. The last to leave was Asapi himself, who shut the door carefully behind him. The house was suddenly deathly silent, and my head whirled from the sights I had seen as well as the fever that mounted in me. I lay back exhausted and closed my eyes—only to hear more chanting!

The women had come from their section and formed in a circle to dance and to chant a song that would bring victory to their men. It was not nearly as loud or disturbing as the warriors' dance and song. I watched them for a few moments and could detect no sign of fear or sadness in any of them. Across the room I saw a very old man on a bed, nodding his head in time to their chant, perhaps wishing he were not too old to go to war. I lay back again and went to sleep.

Kept Clear Of Traps

It was some time later that I heard the story of the attack. For three days Asapi led his party over hills and across rivers towards the *jivaria* of his enemies. On the night of the third day they cautiously approached the clearing, keeping off the paths which were probably set with traps.

For this was not a secret sneak attack, as are many Jivaro raids. The lance had been formerly buried between these two warring groups and when Asapi, through injuries he felt he must have suffered at the hands of the enemy witchdoctor's spirits, wanted to make war again he had to dig up the lance and announce it to the enemy himself. The enemy was prepared, waiting behind the stout chonta walls of his *jivaria*.

The barking of dogs told the enemy that Asapi and his warriors had arrived. Inside the house the warriors at once went into a victory dance similar to that I had witnessed, shouting defiant insults

at Asapi's men, who listened on the fringes of the jungle, then hurled back louder insults and fired off the few guns they had. Those inside then fired guns, but no one was hurt.

It is not easy to storm a *jivaria*. Asapi could besiege the house, keeping his enemies inside until they ran out of food and opened the door. But he had no patience for a long siege and feared that some of his men had even less and would leave after a short while. He had to strike while they were angry and hot-tempered, brave and lusting after blood and *tsantsas*.

As dawn was breaking the defiant noise inside the house rose to a screaming crescendo, and a particularly loud volley of shots poured out. Asapi quickly gave orders for a noisy retreat, a few shots fired along with insulting cries as they walked away. A quarter of a mile away they circled back as silently as jaguars and waited in the jungle on the side of the *jivaria* nearest the women's door. The house was silent.

In fifteen minutes the women's door opened. A fat old woman came out, and

no Jivaro is interested in a child's head, or a woman's. A woman has no soul in the Jivaro world.

That left nine heads, and the warriors went quickly about the business of severing those nine heads from the bodies. Two of the defeated men were not yet dead, but that made no difference. With the sharp lance points the skin was cut on the chest and rolled back. The muscles were cut through, and then the lance pushed expertly between two vertebrae low on the neck.

Rounding up the women captives, the warriors went outside. Here they pulled long strips of palm leaves and strung the heads upon them, leading the strips through the mouth and out through the hole in the neck. Then hurling insults and at the same time looking fearfully back to see if perhaps the escaped enemies had found reinforcements, they went swiftly into the jungle towards the camp where they had left their women.

They marched hard and fast for a full day, until they were out of the territory of the enemy, although not yet close to their own. On a sandy beach by a small

the stream to find enough of the stones he wanted, for there were eight other warriors going through the same process, and all searched for stones. The boys who had come along helped, of course, and watched closely every operation performed by the fighters.

After about two hours of boiling, the head was about a third the size it had been originally. With a smile of satisfaction Asapi took it from the pot, holding it by the hair, and waving it so that it would cool off enough for him to handle. It did not look a great deal like a human face, for many of the features were out of shape and the skin was a dirty yellow. But Asapi knew he could take care of those things. He had done all this many times before.

Loud Sizzling Noise

Holding the head in his left hand he made holes with a chonta pin along the sides of the incision, then neatly sewed it together with fibre. He now had a kind of hollow sack that had only a few hours before been scowling at him and hurling insults at him. With a forked stick, Asapi reached into the fire and found a round stone that would just fit into the neck opening of his *tsantsa*. As he dropped it in, there was a loud sizzling and a cloud of steam arose. Holding the head in both hands he rotated it rapidly so that the hot stone rolled around inside, searing away all loose flesh and drying out the skin.

When the stone was cool, Asapi dumped it out and chose another hot stone, this one a little smaller, for the head had shrunk a bit more. During the second whirling, Asapi took up a small unheated stone with a smooth flat surface and began to rub it over the outside of the face, pushing here, pressing there, to form the features as they should be.

So with stone after stone he seared the inside of the head, the heat shrinking it more all the time. And he shaped the features carefully, plucking eyebrows and eyelashes occasionally but being careful not to burn them off or pull too many out. There must be just enough to look in proportion to the small head.

Finally, Asapi scooped up hot sand from under the fire and poured it into the head. He whirled it vigorously, poured it out when it had cooled, put more hot sand in. The hot sand reached every crack in the inside of the *tsantsa*, drying and shrinking it. When Asapi concluded that the process had gone far enough, he bound the neck opening with fibre, poked a hole through the top of the head, and pushed a long cord of fibre through it, doubled over a pin to hold it inside. Then he stuck his lance into the sand at an angle, hung the *tsantsa* in the smoke over the fire, and lay down to contemplate his handiwork.

Talked Of Their Triumphs

Within half an hour all the men had finished their work and lay on the sand by the fires, warming their feet and watching the heads turn hard and black. They talked of their great triumphs, of the vengeance they had wrought, of the peace their deeds would bring to the souls of their ancestors. And then, the next day, they sent the youngest of the warriors ahead to announce the victory and to have the women prepare the bowls of chicken blood and *sua*, to get everything ready for the victory dance.

Asapi and the other winners of heads would fast for months and then hold a great *tsantsa* feast lasting four or five days. And perhaps in another few months their enemies would attack them and take their heads.

I learned of the success of Asapi's raid a good many days later, and at that time I did not care. For on the day after the warriors set out I headed back for Peruche's *jivaria*. Weak and feverish, I could remember little of that long and arduous trip, except that Juanga and his friends had been kind and helpful at all times.

Peruche was worried about me and insisted that I move into the *jivaria* at once, where I could be cared for by his wives. But I knew I would never get well unless I got back to civilization. I sent Diego off as fast as he could go to reach Méndez and bring Barmio to the cable bridge earlier than the appointed day.

Yangora and Papué stood beside my



looked about in fright, peering down towards the place where Asapi and his men had been at first. She heard nothing and walked a little farther around the side of the hut. Then Asapi and his men rushed from the jungle, crashed through the open door, and attacked the defenders. Guns were thrown aside and only lances used in this fierce hand-to-hand battle. Asapi shrieked with gloating triumph when he saw that despite the warning of attack his enemy had assembled only about eighteen warriors in the hut.

With the fury of jaguars the men attacked each other, thrusting lances, lunging, dodging, parrying. One man was caught as he dashed for the door, but another succeeded in getting through the front door just as a lance pierced the wall in the spot where he had stood a second before. The one thrusting the lance was immediately impaled on a lance himself, and crumpled to the ground.

Children screamed and got in the way; they were lanced at once. So were the old women along with the men. In fifteen minutes Asapi and nineteen of his men stood bloody and triumphant in the midst of bodies. Somewhere in the fight three more of the enemy had managed to escape. At one side of the house huddled five young women, two of them little more than girls. Four young women had been lanced because they fought against the invaders.

Five of the slain men were recognized as relatives by some of Asapi's fighters, and those bodies were shoved aside. Their heads could not be taken. The little children were kicked aside, too, for

stream they made camp, and the women prepared food while the men prepared their *tsantsas*.

Asapi took a sharp bamboo knife from his monkey-fur pouch and parted the hair of the enemy *wishinu* carefully up the back. Then he cut through the scalp neatly, from the bottom of the neck to the top of the skull. Next he very carefully peeled back the skin, away from the skull, using a bamboo knife where necessary to free the flesh from the bone. In fifteen minutes he had removed the skin from the skull, which he tossed aside.

Head Began To Shrink

With the skin inside out, Asapi then sewed the eyelids shut from the inside, after which he turned the skin right side out once more. From his pouch the tired but happy *curaka* took three short, pointed pins of chonta wood which he thrust through the lips. He wound long chambira fibres around the pins to make certain the lips remained shut.

He then went to a jar of water that had been placed over a fire. Into it he dropped the juice of a vine that he knew would keep the hair from falling from his *tsantsa*. Holding the head by the end of the hair, he lowered it into the water. While the head cooked, Asapi went to the water's edge looking for stones, round stones of certain sizes. As he found two or three he returned to the fire and put them in the ashes to become hot. He lifted the head from the water to see how it was coming along and noted with satisfaction that it had already begun to grow smaller.

Asapi had to wander far up and down

hard bed and stroked my arm gently, talked to me quietly in words I could not understand but in feelings that told me they were sorry I was sick and that I must get well.

Peruche stomped around and muttered orders to his wives and then countermanded them, trying to do something to make me well. He brought in Tuki, the *wishinu*, and ordered him to make me well, but Tuki, I am happy to say, insisted that his powers could do nothing against a white man's sickness.

Peruche lost patience and said that the *wishinu* of his friend Nakata had once made a white man well. He would go and fetch Nakata's *wishinu*. I begged him not to go, told him that in another day I must get up and travel to the bridge.

He said flatly that I was too weak to go. He would get the fine *wishinu* who could cure me. He would go at once, for Nakata's *jivaria* was just a short day's journey away. There was no arguing with him, especially when I knew that he wanted so much to help me in the only way he could think of. When he called me "my son," I thanked him. He left almost at once with one of his wives.

The next morning I felt a little stronger, probably because of the good rest I had enjoyed. Encouraged, I thought that in a day or two I could travel—if only the new *wishinu* did not make me sick again.

Killed By A Snake

Late that afternoon I heard a loud wailing in the clearing, coming closer and closer to the *jivaria*. Juanga, who sat beside me, jumped up and ran outside. The women streamed from their work. All I could do was to lie there and wonder. In a few minutes Pablo dashed in to me.

"Peruche is dead!" he cried.

Peruche dead! I could not believe it. I could say nothing, as Pablo poured out the details. The wail I had heard came from Peruche's wife, the wife who had accompanied him to Nakata's *jivaria*. The *wishinu* Peruche had gone to fetch was away for two days. Peruche, worried about me, did not want to delay his return, so he left word with Nakata to send his *wishinu* when he came back. Then he set out for home once more. Less than an hour away from the *jivaria* he had been struck in the leg by a huge



bushmaster snake. In five minutes he was dead.

Peruche's wife had run as fast as she could to the *jivaria*, but she knew Peruche was dead. Juanga and Ambusha and Peasa followed her back to the spot where their father lay. They picked him up and brought him home, not forgetting the funny red cap he liked so much.

I felt as if I had lost a real friend, but I could not tell his sons, his wives, how I felt. I think they knew, though, for they were more sympathetic to me than ever.

That was not the end, of course. For no Jivaro could believe that Peruche had just been killed by a snake. An enemy had sent the snake to kill him. Who was the enemy? It was up to Tuki, the *wishinu*, to find out.

I was too sick to know all the ritual Tuki put himself through. And anyway he went into the woods, according to custom, to drink *nateema* and dream the dreams that would give him the answer—the slayer of Peruche who would then have to be slain by Peruche's sons.

I was a bit stronger the next day, the

day Tuki went into the woods to drink *nateema* in a dream house. One more day, I thought, and I could leave. Now, with Peruche gone, I felt more lost and in danger than ever, although I was surrounded by friends.

As I was thinking about the trip that should start the next day, a frightening idea hit me. Tuki had never cared much for me. Tuki might feel that my sickness had really caused Peruche's death, because it had sent the grand old man on the trip that proved fatal to him. Would Tuki's dream tell him that I was the enemy who had sent the snake to kill Peruche?

I threw the notion out of my head. I told myself that Tuki would not believe that I had the power to send spirits through a snake—only a Jivaro has such power. But the thought kept creeping back into my mind as I lay wearily on my bed, and I did not sleep well that night.

I was awake when, shortly before dawn, Tuki plunged into the hut, crying that he knew the enemy, the Old Ones

had shown him. The *wishinu*'s pupils were dilated and he could not focus his sight on anything. He was wild-eyed but triumphant, and I thought he kept staring at me. And when he announced his discovery, it seemed almost as horrible as if he had really named me.

He named Nakata, the old friend Peruche had gone to visit!

Everyone in the *jivaria* was thunderstruck. Nakata was related to Peruche by blood. He looked upon Peruche as his own head *curaka*. They had been friends for fifty years, and their families had never fought, or engaged in a feud.

No one doubted, of course, except me and possibly Pablo. And we could say nothing. Juanga stood up straight and said the word "Nakata" several times. And I knew he was vowing to take Nakata's life. He would not take the head, not in a case of personal family feud like this. A life for a life, that was all. And then, of course, someone in Nakata's family would have to avenge Nakata's death. And so another feud, another endless series of assassinations would begin.

He Wanted To Die

Pablo and I left the next day. Juanga and Peasa and one each of their wives went with us for much of the way, carrying our equipment and some food. I had to travel slowly and rest often. Many times I decided it was not worth the effort. It would solve all problems best if I could just lie down and die.

And that was when my most hated enemies of the jungle saved my life. I lay down, vowing not to get up again. Then came mosquitoes, flies, gnats of a hundred kinds, biting, stinging, making me slap at my hands and face to keep them away. They would not let me sit still and rest, would not let me lie down and die. They drove me on despite weakness and exhaustion.

One day's journey from the bridge Juanga said goodbye. As he walked away into the jungle with his brother and their wives, I knew that he would soon go out to kill and be killed. I had slept next to him. I had hunted with him. I had admired his father. But he was a Jivaro and I was not. I didn't like to think about it. I still don't.

NEXT WEEK: I become a blood brother of South America's Red Indian tribe

DESMOND MAWSON SELLS AN INVISIBLE FORCE

Continued from page 16

holding work in position on a machine. Engineers use them for clamping electric lamps or tape-measures on half-built steel structures. Some miners' lamps have a spring-loaded safety catch which can be drawn back only by a magnet applied on the outside; miners are unable to open their lamps to light an illegal cigarette.

Mawson keeps in his desk a box of brightly painted sample magnets, for he knows the fascination that magnets have for even the most sophisticated men. Cyril Robinson, the spruce chief of magnet production, has noticed the same thing. "I've seen directors come round here," he says, "and very sober minded they were. But when I gave them a magnet to play with, they were just like small boys."

A group of Indian soldiers whom Robinson showed over the works in 1947 had never seen magnets before. They were mystified and delighted when Robinson held a magnet in each hand and showed how they attracted each other. Unobtrusively reversing one of the magnets, he invited one of the soldiers to try. The man pushed and pushed, but was unable to bring the two magnets together. His friends tried, but failed. "They thought I was a sorcerer," says Robinson.

In fact, he was merely exploiting the second property of magnets—that of repulsion. When a bar magnet is freely suspended in a horizontal plane, it swings round until its two ends are pointing to the earth's north and south magnetic poles. If the north pole of one magnet is placed near the south pole of another magnet, the two magnets attract each other. If a north pole is placed to north pole or south

pole to south pole, the magnets repel. This is what baffled the Indian when Robinson reversed his magnet.

This property of repulsion is occasionally exploited commercially. Recently, Mawson had an order from a South African dentist who wanted six pairs of slender bar magnets grooved to fit into the upper and lower dentures of a set of false teeth. "His idea was to have the like poles opposite each other so that the resulting repulsion would make it easier for the patient to open his mouth when eating. We've sent them off, but I don't know yet whether the idea is a success."

Much more commonly, however, the

repulsion principle is used in conjunction with simple attraction. A popular toy consists of a model donkey with a swivel neck, hinged jaws and a concealed bar magnet in its mouth. When a second bar magnet, disguised as a carrot, is offered to the donkey so that the like poles of the two magnets are near each other, the donkey disdainfully turns his head away. When the carrot is reversed, the donkey jerks round his head and greedily snaps his jaws.

Mawson has also recently worked on flasher beacons for zebra crossings. To secure the continuous on and off effect, he suspended one magnet on a rotating bar immediately above a stationary magnet resting between two contacts in a plastic box. When the rotating magnet swings so that its north pole is opposite the south pole of the stationary magnet, it pulls it from its contacts and breaks the circuit. The light goes out. When the rotating magnet swings round so that like poles are opposite, the stationary magnet is repelled on to its contacts and the light goes on again.

Before he joined the R.A.F. in 1943, Mawson was a laboratory assistant. Demobilized in 1946, he returned home and applied to Jessop's for a job. "There were two vacancies," he says, "one in the chemistry lab, one as assistant to the head of magnetic research. I wasn't interested in chemistry, so I took the job in magnetism."

Since then, Mawson has seen the application of magnets expand tremendously. A new alloy of aluminium, nickel and cobalt—called Alnico—began to replace the former alloy of simple cobalt. Since it could be magnetized to a higher degree, the weight of a magnet with a given pull was considerably lighter. Later, it was discovered that if Alnico were heated and allowed

to cool in a magnetic field, it could be magnetized to a still higher degree—but in one direction only. The new metal was called Alcomax.

Later, the metal was further developed by mixing in an element called niobium. Weight for weight, the best modern magnets are four or five times as strong as their prewar equivalents. "Our nine-inch model is so strong that seven men, pulling together, cannot remove the bar," says Mawson. "We can remove it only by turning a built-in screw."

The new alloys are costly, and a model weighing forty pounds for use in a rangefinder costs about £400. "Toy-makers expect us to produce tiny magnets for a penny or two," says Mawson. "Actually, the cheapest we can possibly manage is about sixpence."

Since he is in charge of sales as well as research, Mawson spends a good deal of his time advising on projects for using magnets. He also receives many letters from people who believe that magnets can help them to solve the world's problems. "Dozens of cranks write in with ideas for perpetual motion machines," he says.

There was also one old man who wrote: "Years ago, I suffered from cramp at night, but when I placed a magnet under my mattress, it completely disappeared. Recently, I gave my magnet to a lady who also suffered from cramp. Hers has now disappeared, but mine has returned. Would you please supply me with another magnet?"

Mawson comments: "We fitted him up with our latest product and he wrote back to say that his cramp had disappeared again. There's no evidence to suggest that magnetism will cure cramp. I suppose the effect was psychological." THE END

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Continued from page 7

surrender. I felt sad. The prospect of being a prisoner was not exciting. I would miss O.S. She was my home. The other home, the one in Bosham, Jerry had blown up for me. Now this one was going to be blown up, too.

O.5's stem down. The water rushed in, and with it the hatch shut. The pressure of the increasing depth sealed it. O.5 shuddered and shook, and then we started to go down, very

I was speechless. To have a lecture on Ities and then to be told we were quite safe suddenly made me realize

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Across Clues

2. It's not a bad idea to have some slack in this

4. Studious girl may be deeply interested in her these

5. Many a sensitive person remembers being this when a child
6. Strait-laced people will frown on

10. Winning this is a matter of teamwork
14. One speaks of this as common
15. Craftsman of a superior one deserves to be well paid

Down Clues

1. One can sometimes see a beautiful girl without any
3. Now and again drifting will be checked by this
5. In Britain coal is still a great

7. Many a wife thinks her husband's isn't good enough for him

9. When playing on the boards magicians rely quite a bit on these

11. It's most embarrassing for

passenger to lose this

12. As a rule, hard knocks have little effect on

13. What most schoolchildren need before they finish their

homework

n next week's JOHN BULL

38

where we were, and I got a little afraid.

"What makes you think we're so ruddy safe?" I asked.

"We can use the D.S.E.A. sets," he replied. "It must be child's play to you, after all your time in boats. Seventy feet—why, you could do it without a set. All we've got to do up top is lie back and let the sea take us in. If you don't mind, Chief Stoker, I'd rather not leave till dusk. We'd get terribly burnt by the sun, and with all that salt water it would be very uncomfortable."

"How did you know about the currents?" I asked him.

"I had a look at the chart in the control-room. I always do when I get the chance. I like to know where I'm going. As a matter of fact, we couldn't be in a better spot."

Well, I personally could think of a hell of a lot better spots that I could be in, but Lumpit certainly had a way with him. We'd had no breakfast, and I wasn't thinking of food, but Lumpit said it was about time we had some.

He found plates and opened a couple of tins and served it up as if we were in the Chief's mess.

The morning wore on, black and silent, in our tomb, and gradually my fear left me. For the first time, I thought of getting my head down.

"How about a little shut-eye, Lumpit?"

Lumpit's voice came out of the darkness. "I don't think it's a good idea for both of us to go to sleep at once. Would you like first or second?"

I decided to have first go, and lay down, and I slept for about an hour.

When I awoke, I saw Lumpit bent over a piece of paper, the torch lit but shielded in his hands. He seemed to be writing. I stretched and moved, the torch went out and then about five minutes later I got up.

"O.K., Lumpit. Your turn."

He stretched out where he sat.

It was lonely down there. I used the torch quite a bit to keep my spirits up and, after looking around, the beam of light seemed to come back to that piece of paper he had been writing on.

FOR nearly an hour I resisted reading it, but at last I went over. He had folded it, and written the address on the outside. His father was a "Sir," lived in Dorset. I opened it quietly so as not to disturb him. It was short, and full of me; about how calm I was, how I thought of everything, the one man in the crew who would get him out, and how scared he was. He didn't think he could make it and he would ask me to take the letter in case. I went back to the lockers and sat down.

Something had happened, after all these years, that had shaken my confidence. The young stoker, lying asleep opposite me, had placed full reliance in me. I would get him out of the boat. And here I was without the faintest idea of how to use an escape set. I reached up and took one from the overhead lockers and tried to fathom it out.

The noise must have woken Lumpit, for he got up and came over.

"Anything in the cylinder?" He jerked it open and a hiss of oxygen indicated that it was not empty. "I'd like to check on the drill, if you wouldn't mind," he said, and slipped his set on.

He went through the routine as if he were back at the tank. "Exhaust valve open when the water comes up to your shoulders. Take a puff of oxygen and put the mouthpiece in. Open cock, on with the nose clip and goggles and away you go. Is that right, Chief Stoker?"

I watched him closely, and grunted noncommittally. How the blazes did I know if it was right or not? But it looked right. I took another set down and tried it on myself, carrying out the motions I had just seen.

We had some more food, and Lumpit insisted on being the messman again. He found some biscuits and we opened a tin of bully and finished off with gooseberries. I couldn't help

OH, JOHNNY!



feeling like a man in a condemned cell.

The afternoon lingered and stretched, and I was beginning to get the wind up again. Only seventy feet, I told myself; only a dozen times my height. If only I could get clear of the hatch I could swim up to the surface and forget the escape set.

It must have been about half past four. I couldn't wait any longer.

"Come on, my lad," I said. "Here we go. Get into the after end. We might as well take all the D.S.E.A. sets we can find."

We collected about half a dozen and climbed through the watertight door, closing it behind us. Then I clipped the torpedo loading hatch that had slammed down when we sank.

"We'll flood through the underwater signal gun," I knew that we had to flood the compartment in order to equal the pressure of the water above us. "You take down the twill trunk and secure it to the eye bolts in the deck."

We set to work, and as soon as flooding started all fear left me. I knew exactly what we had to do—but how I regretted not having been through the tank.

The pressure started to build up and I held my nose and blew, to ease the discomfort on my ear drums. The water was coming up to our knees. We climbed on a torpedo rack and squatted there, cross legged, like a couple of Chinese sew-sew women.

The water was now past the bottom of the twill trunking—a circular twill screen that unrolled down from the hatch, enclosing it like a tube—which is, I suppose, two foot off the deck. It slowed as the pressure equalized, until it stopped rising altogether.

"You'd better open the vent in the hatch," Lumpit said.

I put my mouthpiece in, clipped my nose, pulled down my goggles and jumped down on to the deck, waiting till I was satisfied that I was breathing O.K. It felt uncomfortable, but I could breathe.

"Don't forget the exhaust valve when you get under the trunk, Chief Stoker," he shouted at me. I had forgotten it. The air could not escape from the bag. I opened it and ducked down. It was as black as the inside of a cow. I felt overhead and crawled along until I was under the trunk and

then pulled myself up. There was air in the top half. I reached up and felt around until I located the vent. It was stiff, but I opened it. Air hissed out, my ears hurt, and the water started to rise, coming up over my chest, neck and head, right up to the hatch.

It occurred to me that it should now open. I pushed up, and it seemed to come off its lip. Another push, and it flew up and back. It was light—you'd hardly believe it. Here we were seventy feet below the surface and it was damned nearly daylight. I could clearly see the jumping wire almost on top of the hatch. I remember being scared again; the wire looked almost to foul the hatch. I suppose I stood there for a few seconds looking up at the light and wondering about that wire, and then I slid down on to my knees and wriggled out of the trunk and stood up again in the compartment, which was now quite light.

The solid shaft of sun through the hatch must have been strong; it gave the effect through the water as if you were in church, looking through one of those old glass windows. I took out the mouthpiece and unclipped my nose and pushed my goggles on to my forehead. I'd forgotten to shut the mouthpiece cock, and now it filled with salt water. That was no trouble. There were plenty of other sets.

"Now look here, Lumpit," I said. "Don't forget the jumping wire. If you like, I'll go first and wait."

"No," he said, very quickly. "I'd rather you saw me out of the compartment!" It was the first time he had shown any signs of nerves.

"Right," I said. "Off you go. Wait for me before you go ashore."

HE held his hand up out of the water to shake mine and said: "Thanks for all you've done, Chief Stoker. Just in case—in case—well, would you let my father have this." He handed across the folded paper. The writing was nearly washed off. I slipped it into my pocket. He put in his mouthpiece, clipped his nose, adjusted his goggles, gave himself a squirt of oxygen and was off. By holding my face under the surface with my goggles on, I could follow him under the water. He found the lip of the trunk and disappeared up it, blocking out the light. It was dark

by TIM

for a while, and then the shaft of light was clear again.

I think I had been too interested all this time to be really scared, but now, on my own, I suddenly got the jitters. In the escapes I had read about they had all said the Lord's Prayer before leaving. I did so and said it aloud. I adjusted the set and was in the shaft of light in a second or so. I looked up and I could almost see the blue sky, but there was the jumping wire.

I opened my oxygen cylinder and felt the bag filling up. My cheeks started to puff out and I had difficulty in holding the mouthpiece in, and then I remembered—I hadn't opened the exhaust valve. That was better. I was rising on my toes and then, wonderful feeling, I was moving up very slowly, my head clear of the hatch.

I was facing forward, and could clearly see the conning tower and the slashed and ripped casing. Six or seven starboard main ballast tanks had been ripped open, the engine room hatch was still up. Something grabbed my vest and I was pulled to one side. The jumping wire rubbed my arm. I was now moving pretty quickly, and the sunken submarine was becoming blurred. I tried to hold my mouthpiece in but my head was spinning and I felt as if I was bursting. I eased my jaws and the air rushed out, going up past my eyes in shiny silvery bubbles. I was still going up, very fast now, quite helpless, and then I shot into the sunlight.

It was blinding. I couldn't see a thing. I fumbled for the cocks and shut off the mouthpiece and at once started to sink, so I blew some more oxygen into the bag and felt myself coming up again. I remembered to shut the exhaust valve and I realized I was perfectly safe. My head was held clear of the water, it was flat calm, and there was a smell of diesel fuel.

I slewed round to look for Lumpit, and as I did so there was a splash and there he was.

"Where the hell have you been?" I shouted and then I remembered that I had felt somebody grab me as I had come through the hatch. "Did you wait for me down there?" I asked.

"Not exactly," he replied. "I wanted to get my breath back. We ought to keep the sun in our faces. We should be on the coast in about four hours."

We floated along. It was quite warm and comfortable. From time to time we kicked our feet and flapped our arms to help ourselves along.

The sun went down and we were left floating in the dark.

"Another hour," Lumpit said, "and we shall be ashore. I don't want to be a prisoner, do you, Chief Stoker?"

"Can't see much option," I said.

We floated along in silence, and gradually the water seemed to be getting warmer. We were near the beach. I could just hear the faint ripple of the waves breaking as they ran up the shingle. I thought what a slice of luck—no cliffs to climb.

We floated on, Lumpit about twenty yards to my left, and then my feet touched bottom. For a moment I was quite weak. We had escaped. We'd made it! Lumpit picked himself out of the water and strode up the beach, and I began to follow him. I had hardly gone a yard when there was a burst of machine-gun fire, tracers. I saw them going into him, saw him fall head first. I ducked, but the firing stopped as soon as it had started, and I crawled over to him in the dark, keeping my head down. There was a patch of blood a yard wide. He was face down, on his side. I turned him over, and he was still breathing and suddenly he opened his eyes, grinned at me, then coughed and spat.

"What did I tell you, Chief Stoker," he wheezed at me. "They're too excitable—too damn' excitable. . . ."

He died a few seconds after the Italians came over to us. There were three of them, and they all knelt round Lumpit sympathetically, and one of them was even crying. That made two of us.

THE END

Consider your verdict

THE next day, the doctor on page 31 received a letter from Jonathan's solicitors. At once he phoned his own solicitors. Was it true that he should have stamped the receipt? He soon found that he was in trouble; the Stamp Act

of 1891 says that a receipt for more than £2 must bear a twopenny stamp "cancelled by the person by whom the receipt is given before he delivers it out of his hands." The doctor had made himself liable to a fine of £10.

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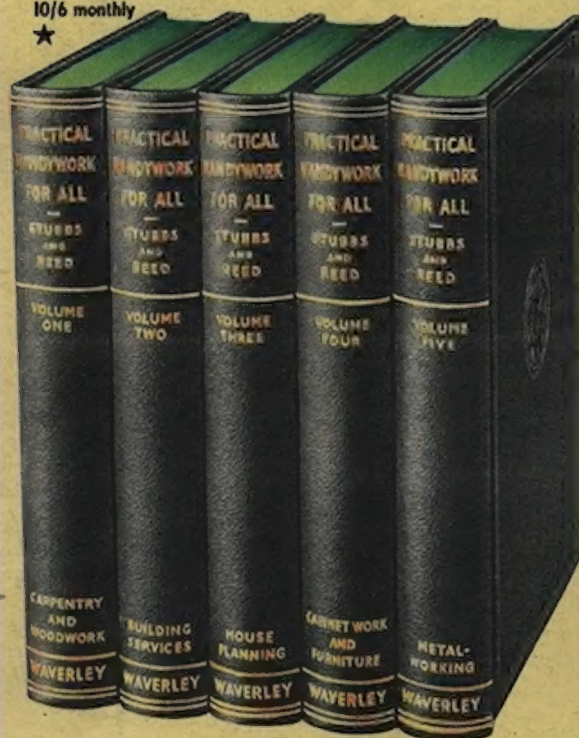
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